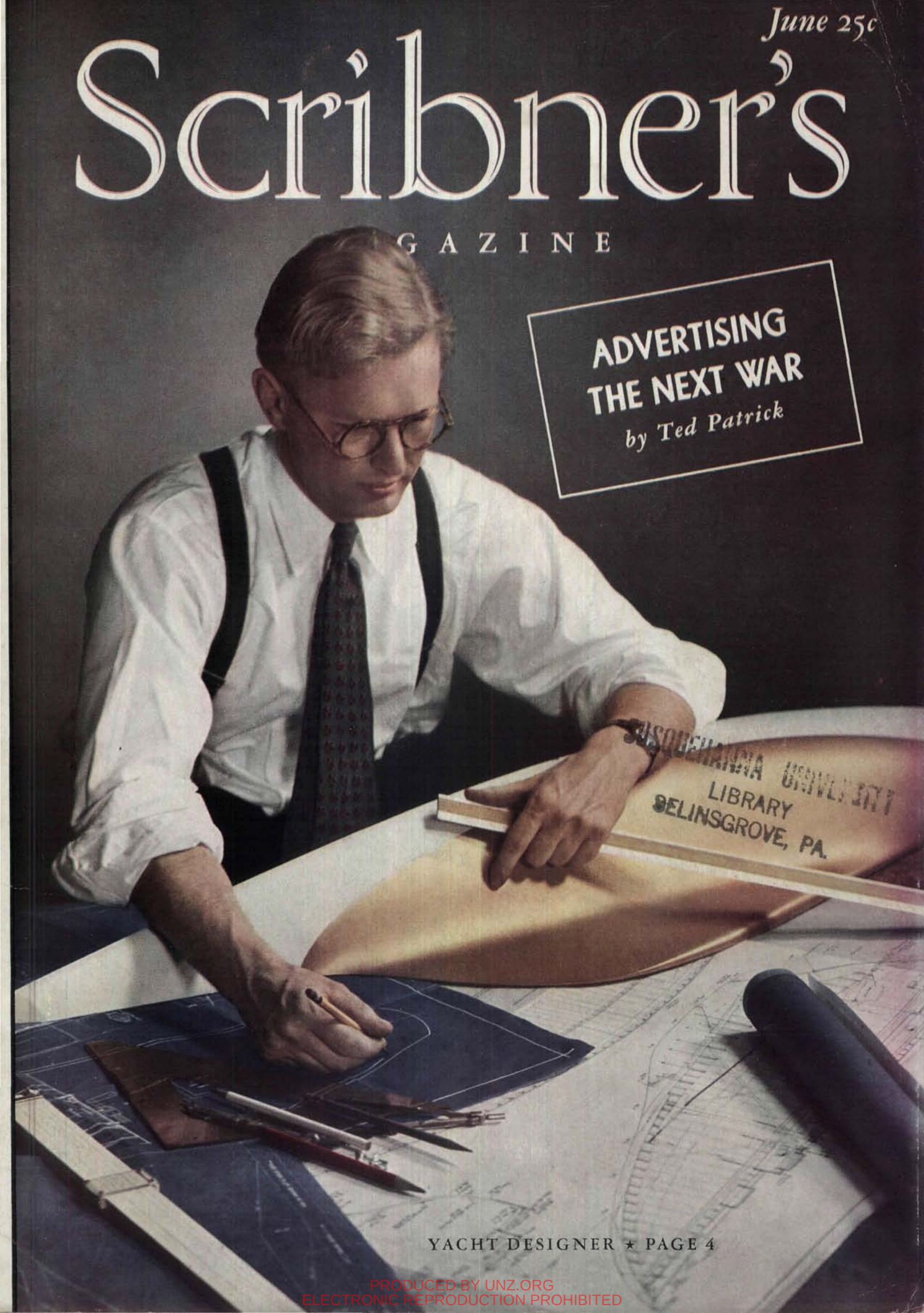
June 25c

Scribner's

GAZINE



ADVERTISING THE NEXT WAR

by Ted Patrick

SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
SELINSGROVE, PA.

YACHT DESIGNER ★ PAGE 4

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Stewardship...

Applied to the management of a Cunard White Star liner, "stewardship" assumes an heroic significance. Ashore, it means "the care of an estate and of all who dwell upon it"... but here the "estate" is a city of steel afloat upon the wide Atlantic! The responsibility is vast. It magnifies and explains that code of honour which Cunard White Star inherited from a seafaring race—which four successive generations have clarified and strengthened.

The captain holds a supreme "stewardship". But ship management extends in many more personal ways. You see it in the variety, in the continental artistry, of a dinner menu. You see it in him who still is called "steward"... who typifies the true British servant by manner and speech . . . who has attained an ideal of British service, through the 98 years of the Line. Like the officer on watch, this steward who tucks a rug about you embodies a tradition within a tradition . . . of Britain, and of the Line.

CUNARD WHITE STAR TO ALL EUROPE

Largest fleet on the Atlantic . . . widest choice of ships, routes, rates!

Express from New York direct to Cherbourg, then Southampton:
Aquitania June 1, 15, 29; July 13.
Queen Mary June 8, 22; July 6, 20.

Swift motorliners from New York to Ireland, England and France:
Georgic May 28, June 25, July 23.
Britannic June 11, July 9, Aug. 6.

World-cruisers from N. Y. and Boston to Scotland, Ireland, England:
Franconia June 3, Carinthia July 2.
Samaria June 17, July 15, Aug. 12.

20,000-ton 'leisure liners' from N.Y. and Boston to Ireland, England:
Scythia May 27, June 24, July 22.
Laconia June 10, July 8, August 2.

Two weekly services from Montreal and Quebec: to Scotland, Ireland, England ... to England and France ... by eight popular "A" ships.

Rates from $146 Cabin, $129.50 Tourist, $91 Third Class. Your local agent or Cunard White Star, 25 Broadway and 638 Fifth Ave., New York.

THE BRITISH TRADITION DISTINGUISHES

CUNARD WHITE STAR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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Hawaiian cane sugar field with irrigation, transport and mill facilities.

★ Good Earth

SCIENTIFICALLY selected seedlings. Millions of gallons of water. Thousands of tons of fertilizer. Eighteen months of painstaking cultivation. Then . . . a crop of sugar cane—a vital food product—dividends from *good earth*—in the Territory of Hawaii, U. S. A.

Good earth, made so by nature—made far better by *good farming.* Nourished by plant foods as scientifically arranged as the diet of an athlete . . . strengthened and enriched year by year. Nature's fertility guarded and enhanced by man's wise and patient care!

Good farming also because intelligent management creates fifty thousand year around jobs—jobs that measure up to the American standard of wages, living and working conditions.

The real significance of good earth and good farming in the Territory of Hawaii is reflected in the picture of American industry they paint.

That picture features people and jobs. No matter where they work, they work for each other. They all depend upon each other for jobs, homes, security. This is the *American* system—the system that has made our country the finest place on earth to live.

Sometimes distance makes us forget that the American sugar industry in Hawaii is a large and cooperative unit in this system.

◆ ◆ ◆

INFORMED PUBLIC OPINION—The most able conduct of public affairs derives from an *informed public opinion.* That is the reason for this series of advertisements. It enables you to know the facts about the Territory of Hawaii and her industries—facts of importance to every citizen because every citizen is interested in encouraging every factor in American industrial progress.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING—The people of the Territory of Hawaii, put into circulation enough money annually to buy Minnesota's entire crop of wheat and corn—and South Carolina's crop of tobacco and cotton. This immense purchasing power—which benefits all branches of American industry—is created chiefly by the Territory of Hawaii's cane sugar industry.

HAWAIIAN SUGAR PLANTERS' ASSOCIATION

HONOLULU, TERRITORY OF HAWAII, U.S.A.

A VOLUNTARY ASSOCIATION OF PRODUCERS, PROVIDING YEAR-ROUND EMPLOYMENT FOR 50,000 PEOPLE IN THE PRODUCTION OF CANE SUGAR, PAYING THE HIGHEST AVERAGE ANNUAL FARM WAGES IN THE AMERICAN SUGAR INDUSTRY

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Why can this man HAVE MORE *and* WORK LESS?

THIS is the mystery man. Dozens of foreign commissions have traveled thousands of miles to find out why it is that, working only 40 hours a week, he can buy an electric refrigerator with one month's pay. Workers in foreign lands labor many more hours a week, but to them a refrigerator is a luxury beyond their reach.

Why is it this typical American workman can buy an automobile with 4½ months' pay? Few workers abroad have automobiles—it would take all they could earn in a year to buy one. Why is it that American workers enjoy radios, telephones, electric lights, and hundreds of other comforts and conveniences almost unknown to foreign workers? Why do we enjoy the highest standard of living known in any country?

The American worker has more because he produces more. And he produces more because he has abundant power to help him—power that increases his own ability manyfold.

General Electric scientists and engineers, by developing electric machinery, have put into the hands of American workmen the greatest force ever devised for producing more goods for more people at less cost—the force of electricity.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

1938—OUR SIXTIETH YEAR OF ELECTRICAL PROGRESS—1938

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Scribner's

MAGAZINE

June, 1938
Vol. 103, No. 6

Our July issue will bring the first "Scribner's Examines" article we have done on a lawyer — one who without handling murder cases gets more publicity than probably any member of his profession. The writer is Marquis James, who at the moment leads all candidates for the Pulitzer Prize for biography . . . Henry Pringle, the biographer who won that prize a few years back, will also be in our July issue with the fifth article in our series on magazines that sell, an analysis of one of the nation's important magazine groups . . . We shall also examine the most spectacular development in railroading since the lines were shot across the continent in the 1860's . . . Some of the other high spots: three "Life in the United States" articles, a fine short story by Thomas Rourke, and the third installment of Kurt Steel's mystery novel, "Murder Is a Fact."

Page	ARTICLES	*by*
7	SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES: Grover A. Whalen	HARLAND MANCHESTER
12	Yellow Horse. *Life in the United States*	SYLVIA CROWDER
15	Advertising the Next War	TED PATRICK
21	Ghost Behind the Grade. *Life in the United States*	ROBERT GREENLEES
23	Geography, Inc.	ISHBEL ROSS
	FICTION	
28	Murder Is a Fact. *Part Two*	KURT STEEL
	FEATURES	
14	A Certain Seclusion. *Verse*	JULIAN LEE RAYFORD
31	Life in the U. S. *Photographic*	
38	The Scribner Quiz	IRVING D. TRESSLER
40	don herold examines:	DON HEROLD
60	Tribute. *Verse*	KIMBALL FLACCUS
63	Time and Tide. *Verse*	MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT
	DEPARTMENTS	
4	Straws in the Wind	THE EDITORS
51	Books	JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
54	Music and Records	RICHARD GILBERT
58	Wines, Spirits, and Good Living	G. SELMER FOUGNER
62	Education	R. B.
64	Dog Judge. *Kennel*	ARTHUR E. PATTERSON

Cover Photograph by BOURGES

PUBLISHED BY HARLAN LOGAN ASSOCIATES, INC., 570 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK

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To People
who want to write
but can't get started

Do you have the constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what Fulton Oursler, editor of Liberty, has to say on the subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today—and especially in Liberty Magazine—than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling, and many others whose work we have published? It is also true that more people are trying to write than ever before, but talent is still rare and the writer still must learn his craft, as few of the newcomers nowadays seem willing to do. Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."

"I am able to live on the money I earn by writing, and it is not yet ten months since I began the course! Until a few months after beginning study with you I had never had a line published. What more can I say for a course which has enabled me to earn a livelihood by the most congenial work I have ever done?" John N. Ottum, Jr., Box 95, Lisbon, N. D.

THE Newspaper Institute of America offers a free Writing Aptitude Test. Its object is to discover new recruits for the army of men and women who add to their income by fiction and article writing.

The Writing Aptitude Test is a simple but expert analysis of your latent ability, your powers of imagination, logic, etc. All applicants do not pass this test. Those who do are qualified to take the famous N. I. A. course based on the *practical* training given by big metropolitan dailies.

This is the New York Copy-Desk Method which teaches you to write by writing! You develop your *individual* manner instead of trying to copy the style of others.

You "cover" actual assignments such as metropolitan reporters get. Although you work at home, on your own time, you are constantly guided by experienced newspaper men.

It is really fascinating work. Each week you see new progress. In a matter of months you can acquire the coveted "professional" touch. Then you're ready for market with greatly improved chances of making sales.

Mail the Coupon Now

But the first step is to take the Writing Aptitude Test. It requires but a few minutes and costs nothing. So mail the coupon now. Make the first move towards the most enjoyable and profitable occupation—writing for publication! Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York.

Free

Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Avenue, New York

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in Scribner's, June.

Miss
Mrs.
Mr. } .....

Address.....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 55-F-668

STRAWS IN THE WIND

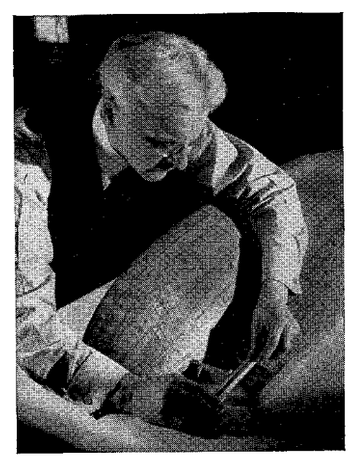
Yacht Designer (*See Cover*)

Olin Stephens II spent most of his youth cruising around on a boat. By such pleasant means he learned enough to qualify as a yacht designer, and today, at thirty, he ranks as one of the best. Last year he and W. Starling Burgess drew the plans for America's Cup Defender, *Ranger,* which won four straight over the British *Endeavour II.*

Despite Stephens' reputation in the yachting world we stumbled on him by accident. Into our office one day came Robert Y. Richie with a photograph (reproduced on this page) of a ship designer. We began asking questions and learned that the designer was John Roeske, who does tankers for the Sun Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Corp. From Roeske and tankers our path led to Stephens and yachts.

We found Stephens working calmly over a desk piled high with letters, sketches, and blue prints. His brother, Roderick, sat across the room phoning incessantly and firing questions at him. In an adjoining office seven assistant draftsmen were busy with pencils and rules.

Shy and soft-spoken, Stephens told us about his work. When he has a fair conception of the boat he is to design, he makes a line drawing, complex and precise. But this is simple in comparison to the next step—a complete blueprint, covering every inch from stem to stern. Finally a five-foot towing model of the boat is built. A Professor Kenneth Davidson of Stevens Institute has a tank in which the model is subjected to conditions approximating those the finished boat will encounter. The model is towed this way and that, heeled over to port and to starboard, tossed about in miniature waves—in short, all but torpedoed and sunk. Twelve models of *Ranger* went through this routine before the design was okayed. For most jobs the yacht designer gets ten per cent of the construction cost. For large boats, such as *Ranger,* which cost $150,000, the percentage is higher.



Stephens went to M. I. T. for a year and then left for the reason, among others, that he wasn't learning anything about boat designing. In 1928 Drake Sparkman, a young yacht broker, invited him into partnership. Stephens' brother came in in 1933. This year the firm has already contracted for over $700,000 worth of yachts.

In 1932 Stephens married Florence Reynolds, whom he had known since childhood. They live in Scarsdale in a colonial house they built last year. Olin III is not a boat, but their towheaded son of four.

Correction

William Steig, one of our favorite cartoonists, has written objecting to statements in our article on *Esquire* creating the impression that he is a regular contributor to that magazine. Mr. Steig testifies that he hasn't drawn a cartoon for *Esquire* in nearly five years—in plain words, since its very first days.

Double & Treble

While we are planning our summer and fall issues our circulation department is getting final reports on early spring sales. And showering us with memos, one of which bears some interesting information about sales on subway newsstands. It seems that our March subway sales were higher than they had been in a year; in fact, our March sales were more than those of January and February combined. Of course, we were putting more copies on the newsstands but that, quite evidently, was not the reason. For example, where from February to March the number of copies put out was doubled, the number of sales was trebled.

Censorship

Our June issue last year brought a lot of attention because of an article by William P. Carney, foreign correspondent of the New York *Times.* Mr. Car-

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Complete Your Car with

HOLLYWOOD MOTO-MIRROR

BOTH HANDS FREE FOR PERFECT MAKE-UP RIGHT IN YOUR OWN CAR

$1.95

THROWS A DIFFUSED LIGHT ON THE FACE

Makeshift makeup in the car is a thing of the past if you install Hollywood MOTO-MIRROR. Compact and practical, it swings out of the glove compartment with a single motion . . you snap the switch and it's ready for use! Finished in a tan shade, durable and handsome.

FITS ANY CAR
SIMPLE INSTALLATION

Ideal for reading maps, etc. . . . or for lighting interior of glove compartment . . . twin bulbs give ample light for these purposes.

Handled by Leading Car Dealers

AMERICAN AUTOMATIC DEVICES CO.
THROOP, HARRISON & CONGRESS STS., CHICAGO, ILL.

It Seems Inevitable

That in Boston all roads lead to the Hotel Puritan — for handiness to shops, the theatres, but particularly because the Puritan is so distinctly Bostonian. It's still an old-time inn, in the courtesy and charm of its service, but decidedly modern in appointments and comfort.

For guests is provided a parking area without charge.

Rates are moderate: $3.50 for single rooms, double $5.00, suites $7.50 up.

WM. B. RICE II, President

HOTEL PURITAN
390 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE
BOSTON · MASSACHUSETTS

ney, then on leave from the Spanish front, revealed the extent of both open and undercover censorship of foreign dispatches for American newspapers. Readers who liked his article (and readers who missed that issue) can find more on the subject in a new, and excellent, book by Carney's cable editor, Eugene J. Young. Title: *Looking Behind the Censorships.*

Ex-Marine

While Harland Manchester's examination of Grover Whalen is his first for us, we are here and now earmarking him as a *Scribner's* writer. Later this summer we plan to print another of his articles; right here a few biographical details:

Born in Vermont. Brought up in New Hampshire. Class of '21, Dartmouth. Private of Marines with A.E.F. Fifteen years a newspaperman, mainly investigating people, either famous or notorious. Launched the first weekly newspaper page of news interpretation (for Boston *Herald*). Radio news commentator. President of Boston Newspaper Guild. Gave it all up a few months ago, moved to New York, and began magazine writing.

Highlander

Ishbel Ross' newspaper career lasted precisely as long as Manchester's: one year in Toronto, fourteen in New York. When she left it to write novels (she has written three and turned out two books of nonfiction), she was recognized as a newspaperman's newspaperwoman. She is also a bit of a geographer herself: Born in the Scottish Highlands, she has journeyed twice around the world, up and down Europe, visited the Seychelle Islands, flown over both Victoria Falls and Mount Everest. Her husband is Bruce Rae, assistant managing editor of the New York *Times,* whom she met when they were working in competition (he for the *Times,* Miss Ross for the *Tribune*) on the celebrated Stillman divorce. Miss Ross' likes and dislikes: "I dislike crowds, speeches, parties, clubs, co-operative movements, gatherings of any sort. I like peace, solitude, individualism, plenty of books, and New York in spring, summer, autumn, and winter."

Notes

Sylvia Crowder lives in Tokawa, Oklahoma, where she sees the plight of the modern Pawnee and Ponca Indians. . . . Ted Patrick is a well-known advertising copywriter. . . . Robert Greenlees (pseudonym) is a prominent student at University of Kansas.

MISSISSIPPI

Center OF THE NEW
Southern Market

Mississippi, located in the geographic center of the deep south, offers profitable distribution facilities to all sections of the rapidly expanding Southern Market. No longer can manufacturer or distributor remain on the outer-circle of this $5,732,769,000* retail area and keep step with present-day demands in Southern population centers.

With Mississippi as a distributing point your freight shipments can reach Memphis or New Orleans in seven hours; Dallas, Birmingham or Atlanta the second day; and St. Louis in twenty-five hours. These fast freight schedules are typical of the quick delivery service that makes Mississippi the unexcelled distribution center of the South.

Consider these additional facts — A friendly people, an ideal climate, an abundance of raw materials, plus laws favorable to sound industry. Your inquiry will be considered confidential. Address—

MISSISSIPPI
INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION
A Department of the State of Mississippi
JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

*Total retail sales 13 southern states—1935 Business Census—U. S. Department of Commerce.

MISSISSIPPI
the state of
INDUSTRIAL
OPPORTUNITY

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"SUPPOSE I get sick? After all, I'm only human. And if I do get a touch of colic . . . or have a nervous breakdown . . . do you know what'll bring it on? Worry! Yes, sir, worrying about how long it would take us to get the doctor if anything should happen.

"Or suppose a pipe bursts in the bathroom? Or a burglar comes along? When something like that happens you don't write a letter, or go after help on horseback. No, sir. You hop to a telephone!

"And what about my mother? She's got marketing to do. Sometimes she needs to get in touch with Dad during the day. And there are errands to be run. Well, she can't do all those things without a telephone . . . and at the same time give me the attention I expect.

"All Dad needs to do to have a telephone is get in touch with the Business Office. I'd do it myself if I could just get out. But I can't. So is it any wonder that worry is keeping me awake half the day?"

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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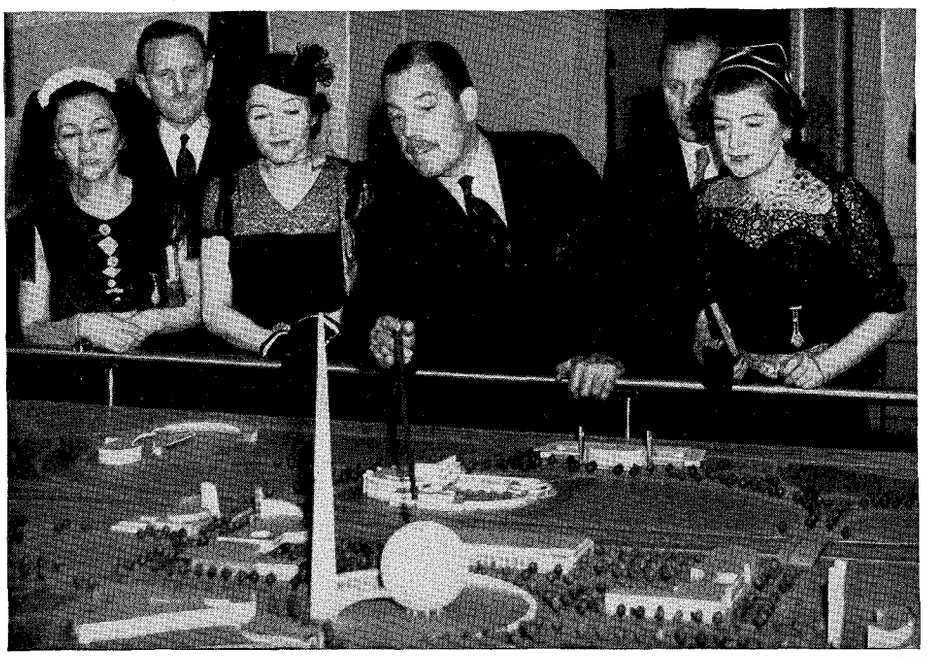
Scribner's
MAGAZINE
Volume 103, Number 6 June, 1938



WIDE WORLD

Grover Aloysius Whalen

BY HARLAND MANCHESTER

SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES *the greatest impresario of our times . . . the dictator of a $150,000,000 show for 50,000,000 guests . . . his talents and his famed technique*

UNDER the tireless hand of Grover A. Whalen, flamboyant master of countless civic ceremonies and for two decades New York's model of fashion and ubiquitous success symbol, "The World of Tomorrow" is rising from the ash dumps of the Flushing flats. Mammoth exhibition halls, towering temples, picturesque lagoons and a vast network of paved streets, shaded gardens, restaurants, theaters, and carousels swiftly take form as Mr. Whalen's co-ordinated army of fair-builders makes ready for an expected 50,000,000 guests.

Originally planned as a mere $30,000,000 show, the budget now runs to $150,000,000 due to Impresario Whalen's expert solicitations, and more millions may be coaxed before the grand opening next April. Sixty-four nations and most of the States have bought exhibition space, the Sixty Families will show their wares, there will be "villages," a "pirate castle," a musical comedy on ice, murals and heroic statues galore, and every gadget from television to the latest can opener will be spread before the eyes of potential buyers. Scouts are scouring the mountainsides for ten thousand full-grown trees which will be shipped, root, trunk and branch, to shade the Flushing fete; gardeners are setting out 1,000,000 tulips and 500,000 pansies, and the pick of American pulchritude are banting against the great day when judges will confer their accolade upon "Miss World's Fair."

Serene amid the apparent chaos of this epic adventure sits its gardeniaed Kubla Khan, guiding his minions toward the supreme moment in April, 1939, when 50,000 scrubbed and cockaded men-at-arms will start their inaugural march, and in the words of Mr. Whalen, there will be "festive bombs exploding, the crackle of fire-

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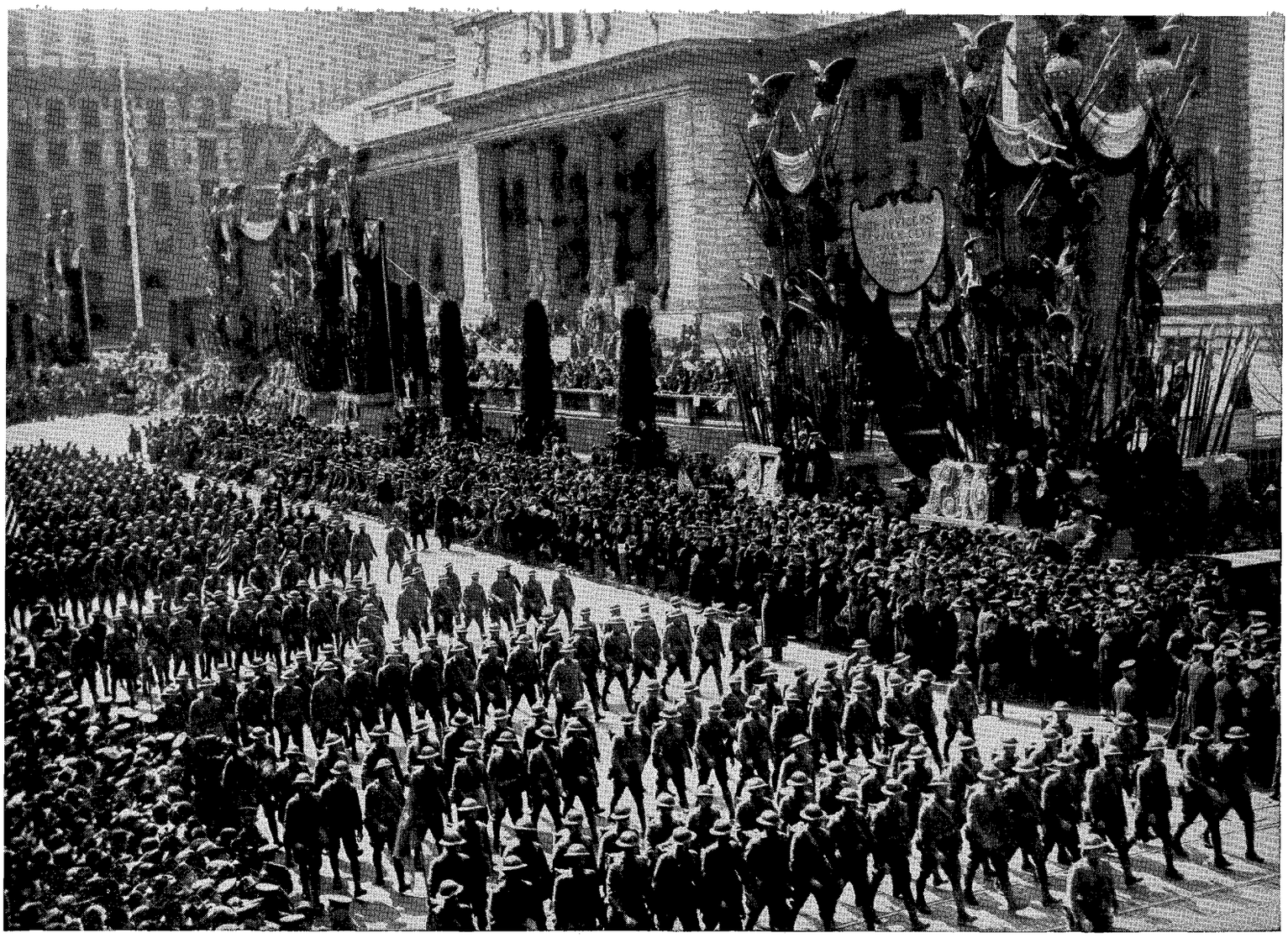

WIDE WORLD

When the 27th Division paraded up Fifth Avenue in 1919 Whalen was beginning his career as an official welcomer

works in the sky, the touching of buttons that will throw into jewel-like brilliance the World of Tomorrow."

Meanwhile, the lover of pageantry has not been forced to wait for the grand climax. It has been two years since Whalen smashed the first champagne bottle, and what with formal luncheons and corner-stone layings, the ceremonial tempo has been steadily mounting toward the crescendo. A few weeks ago there was a "preview parade," to advertise the opening of the fair a year later. Whalen's plan was to send the hundred thousand marchers and numerous floats up Fifth Avenue and over the Triborough Bridge. Park Commissioner Moses refused a permit in the interests of regular traffic. The route was changed, but the World's Fair marches on.

A "theme center" has been designed for the exhibition —a spearlike tower and huge glittering ball, yclept in World's Fair language "trylon" and "perisphere." This novel architectural arrangement, which will stand near the middle of the grounds, is intended as a symbol for the entire venture. There is also a theme song—a jazz march by the late George Gershwin—which radio waves will carry to the ends of the earth. And there is "Mithrana," the shapely sculptured lady over the administration building, who "symbolizes the spirit of the fair," and "lifts the veil from the World of Tomorrow." Yet it has become clear to everybody that the "theme" of the big show will be, not a jazz ditty nor a lady lifting a veil, but the man sitting in the flag-decked office at the end of the long corridor—Grover A. Whalen himself.

Everyone connected with the fair agrees that Grover is the works. For better or for worse, the World s Fair is his baby. The tidings that emanate daily from his buzzing publicity department bring up memories of the welcoming trips of the *Macon,* the Lindbergh reception, the police parade, and a hundred other fiestas that have gladdened New York hearts since the radiant civic cotillion leader emerged from his East Side chrysalis.

"In presenting a new layout for a richer life," states a ukase from the Whalen camp, "the fair will not only predict, but may even dictate, the shape of things to come."

If this is true, it is time we looked into the matter. For it appears that the true nature of the World of Tomorrow can best be ascertained by a scrutiny of Mr. Whalen's past performances, his ideas, aspirations, and *modi operandi.*

There is no doubt that when it comes to showmanship, Grover Whalen is the whitest of white-haired boys. Since his first appearance at City Hall in 1918 as groom and mentor to the aspiring Mayor Hylan, he has seldom been far from a camera lens. Four times he has emerged from a lucrative business career to undertake a public or civic task. Whatever the job, the Whalen touch endowed it with spectacular importance. Mayors sulked while he

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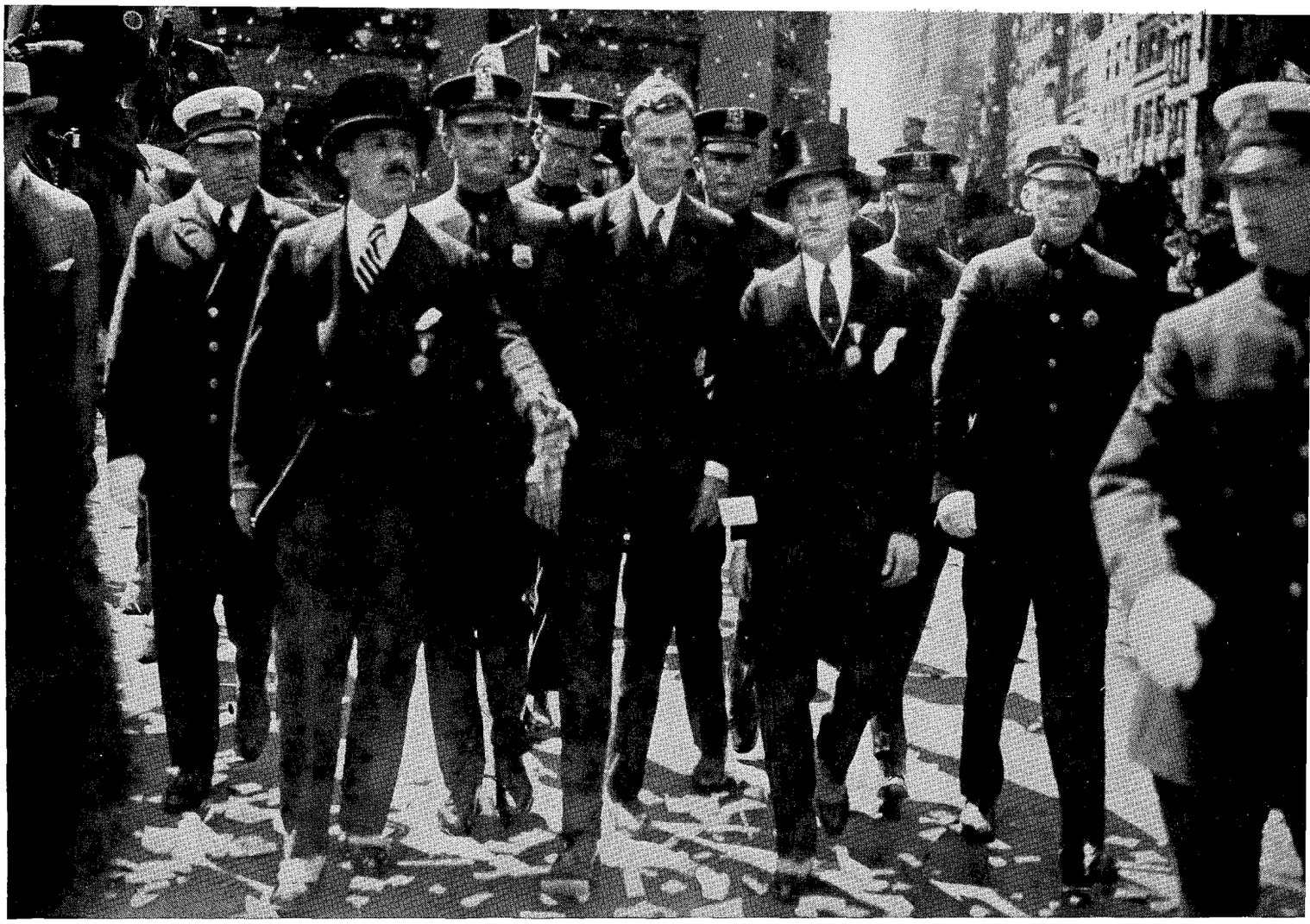

ACME

Of all the Whalen festivities, the Lindbergh reception was gayest, smoothest, most expensive. It cost $71,850.87

stole their bows, and at times his very effulgence forced him back into the marts of trade. At each reappearance he shone with a brighter luster, and each new venture took him farther uptown. From his business on the lower East Side, he traveled in successive steps to City Hall, to Wanamaker's, and from the Ninth Street department store to the expansive Schenley offices in the Empire State Building. His private estate kept pace with his business and civic progress. Socially he has followed a northerly course from the parental hearth at 279 East Broadway up Fifth Avenue to Dobbs Ferry, where he is now pausing.

II

IT WAS 1916 when Grover Aloysius Whalen, then thirty years old, tossed a modest but neatly brushed headpiece into the political ring. He organized a businessmen's league, of which he was secretary, and thus acquired a political following. Before that time, the Whalen record shows little more than perfunctory entries. He was born in the crowded lower East Side of an Irish-born father and a mother of French Canadian extraction. Michael Whalen kept the family in comfort with his trucking company, which removed ashes and refuse from the streets. Grover went to the John F. Ahearn School around the corner. Years later his teacher was to remember the perfection of his pompadour. He commuted north to Fifty-ninth Street to attend the De Witt Clinton High School, and still farther north to the Clason Point Military Academy in the Bronx, where he acquired his lifelong interest in uniform and parades. He studied for a time at the New York Law School. When his father died, he left to carry on the ash-removal business, which seemed to him not inconsistent with sartorial distinction. This attitude appealed to Miss Ann Dolores Kelly, who said he was the only man she knew who always wore a boutonniere. In 1913 they were married.

When John F. Hylan was elected Mayor, he picked Whalen, who had backed him, for secretary. Thus launched in public life, he was equipped with a square-jawed earnestness, shoulders that were a tailor's delight, a first-class mustache, strong white teeth, blue Irish eyes, an equestrian statue of Napoleon, no vices, no sense of humor and no policy.

His rise was rapid. Hylan made him Commissioner of Plant and Structures, and, later, head of the Central Board of Purchase, which supervised the spending of $25,000,000 annually. Soon Whalen controlled half a billion dollars' worth of public property, and directed the work of 6000 city employees. His salary was $10,000. He bristled with plans, and when he needed money, he got it. He suffered only one major disappointment—Comptroller Craig defeated his proposal to build a $42,000,000 bridge across the East River in the neighborhood of Wanamaker's department store.

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The Whalen talent for pageantry found initial expression during this period. Hylan had been ill, and Whalen arranged a surprise welcome for his return. As commander-in-chief of New York's ferryboat navy, he had ordered grand new uniforms for the skippers. Now he called them in to add color to the chief's welcome. A forest of Christmas greenery was arranged, and when the rehabilitated Hylan hove in sight, someone blew a trumpet, the captains saluted, and a nervous stenographer read an ode.

The troops were returning from France, and Hylan asked his secretary to go down the harbor and welcome them. It was an almost daily chore, but the diligent Whalen did not fail. His reward came swiftly. As chairman of the Mayor's Committee for the Reception of Distinguished Guests, he was to welcome princes, queens, premiers, aviators and channel swimmers, and his face was to become as familiar to New York of the 1920's as the head on a postage stamp.

Wrote a chauvinistic admirer: "With his cane, his white spats, the rigid crease in his trousers, the flower in the lapel of his elegant black cutaway, the delicately striped shirt, the irreproachable necktie and the shining silk hat, even the ladies driving in the Champs Elysées would think it worth while to take a second look at him, and the Paris dandies would certainly regard him with a feeling akin to envy. . . ." A girl reporter assigned to a welcoming party simply wrote that Mr. Whalen was "shining like a silver teakettle."

Whalen called his boss "the greatest statesman since Lincoln," and Hylan reciprocated by backing Whalen to succeed him as Mayor, but the Hylan-Whalen love feast could not last. There was too much Whalen at City Hall. Hylan had a human liking for the pleasant perquisites of office, and when noted visitors dallied with the majordomo on the way to the throne, it griped him. It is even said that when he and Rodman Wanamaker discussed Whalen's potential abilities as a department-store executive, and Wanamaker demurred at raiding the Mayor's staff, Hylan said, "Don't mind me."

III

Thus the way was paved for a graceful exit, and Whalen packed his silk welcoming hats and accepted the Wanamaker offer. It was a triumphant retreat. His salary was said to be several times that of his city job, and later it was reported as $100,000 a year.

Mr. Whalen liked his new boss. Three years before he had said of him at a public dinner: "Rodman Wanamaker is one of the greatest men God ever put on the face of the earth. If an artist wished to do Mr. Wanamaker justice, he would require the assistance of all the great modern artists. An orator would require the combined eloquence of all the other great modern orators."

Whalen was still head of the Mayor's Committee for the Reception of Distinguished Guests, and his greeting technique quickly flowered to final perfection. Among those who received the authentic Whalen welcome were the King and Queen of the Belgians, Queen Marie of Rumania, the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, Clemenceau, Foch, Joffre, Briand, Lindbergh, Byrd, Levine, Ruth Elder, and Gertrude Ederle. Foreign potentates reciprocated with decorations. The Whalen chest eventually bore the trophies of the Royal Victorian Order (Great Britain); the Order of Simon Bolivar (Venezuela); Chevalier (later Commander) of the Legion of Honor, and Officier d'Instruction Publique (France); the Red Cross (Germany); Commander-in-chief of the Order of the Crown (Rumania); Commander of the Crown of Italy.

Of all the Whalen festivals the Lindbergh reception was probably gayest and most memorable. It was also the most expensive, costing the city $71,850.87. What the world recalls is the bare-headed aviator riding up Broadway, the white maze of ticker tape, the smooth progress of the hero from triumph to triumph as with apparent spontaneity the city went giddy with joy. But behind the scenes, this was serious business. Two days before Lindbergh walked down the gangplank, eighty-two satraps of welcoming were summoned to final rehearsal in a Manhattan restaurant. Each was a squadron commander in charge of ten or fifteen people, and Grover A. Whalen put them through their paces until they were letter-perfect in details of radio, publicity, printing, luncheon speeches, and so on.

Now that all is ready, the Man With the Gardenia, correct and unruffled, greets his hero. The bands play, the crowds cheer, the speeches are made, and Whalen, like Addison's Marlborough, "rides the whirlwind and directs the storm."

But it was not until December, 1928, that he found full scope for his remarkable talents. His love of uniforms, his sense of drama, his flair for glamorous regimentation and his insatiable capacity for public attention were to be gratified as never before. The killer of Arnold Rothstein had not been apprehended, and the public clamored for official heads. Mayor Walker knew that something had to be done. Glamorous Grover could make them forget. So Walker appointed him Police Commissioner of the City of New York, commander of an army of 18,000, horse, foot and motorcycle.

Whalen knew nothing of police routine, but he had his statue of Napoleon, and a nightstick with his name in white, presented by Rodman Wanamaker, Jr. Wearing a yellow rose and two shades of blue, he shook up the force. He summoned his captains and commanded them to stamp out vice and the speakeasies. "There is a lot of law in the end of a nightstick," he said. "Strong-arm squads" went out to clear the city of "suspicious persons." In a few weeks, more than 3000 "criminals" had walked the police lineup platform. Most of them were released within a few hours.

Guardians of civil liberties began to mutter about constitutional rights. Whalen scoffed at them.

"I've studied law for a number of years," he said, "and nowhere in the lawbooks do I recall seeing anything

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ACME

1929. Whalen welcomes MacDonald at the pier

ACME

1930. Whalen breaks up a Communist meeting

about the rights of known criminals. We will continue to deal with them on the assumption that they have no constitutional rights."

His baffled critics strove in vain to explain that all persons were entitled to due process of law. Whalen smiled blandly and tried to take in more territory. "Young loafers" and "persons with criminal records" should be sent to the hoosegow, he said, charge or no charge.

It was then that the New York *World* suggested: "Commissioner Whalen would do well to go to some quiet place and think."

Once more the people asked about the Rothstein case. Whalen replied that the traffic situation in the theater district was terrible, and produced the theater traffic-control plan. This plan, suggested by a deputy during a previous regime, staggered theater openings and ruled out parking and right and left turns between 39th and 53rd Streets during theater hours. It was launched with a big conference, to which Florenz Ziegfeld, David Belasco, Lee Shubert, and other producers were invited. For days before inaugural night, the plan was blazoned across the city's front pages. Fourteen police booths were erected throughout the area, all connected by telephone with a central supervising booth at Times Square, which was painted a neat green, and bore the flags of the United States and of the New York Police.

The plan's opening night was attended with all the éclat of a smash hit. The Commissioner, in an arrangement of blue and black appropriately relieved by the thicksoled shoes of a patrolman, was the star, directing four hundred subordinates from the Times Square booth, while theater-bound crowds watched the show and the flares of cameramen struck a gala note.

This job was obviously more in Whalen's line than some of the more complex tasks of directing the public safety forces in the world's largest city. His approach was simple. He said that running the police department was like running any other business, and spoke with admiration of the Ford assembly line. Traffic responded to this treatment, after a fashion. It was like lining up dominoes and pushing them over.

IV

EVERY police commissioner must occasionally face a major crisis. Whalen met his on March 6, 1930, when a crowd of some 50,000 Communists, sympathizers and onlookers met in Union Square for an unemployment demonstration, and later attempted to parade without a permit. Feeling ran high because of the fatal shooting of a striker by a detective, and the Commissioner made extensive preparations. Two hundred and ninety policemen, fifty mounted police, one hundred detectives, a squadron of motorcycle police with armored sidecars and riot guns, and emergency wagons with machine guns and tear-gas bombs were assigned to duty at Union Square. Women and children were warned to stay away, and hospitals were requested to keep all available ambulances in readiness.

Speeches were made without disorder. The trouble started when leaders ignored (*continued on page* 60)

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YELLOW HORSE

SYLVIA CROWDER

FOLKS who know little of Indians are inclined to have romantic conceptions about them. They hear the drumlike thud of racing ponies' hoofs, they see the flash of paint and feathers, and shiver pleasantly at the thought of an Indian war whoop.

Up in northern Oklahoma we don't pay much attention to Indians. For the most part they are a pretty poor lot—poor in material possessions and poor in spirit. What we like is sport. Our wheat fields may be the graves of ancient Indian trails, but that is all past, and to our way of thinking the old Indians are ghosts and the young Indians are rabbits.

So we play baseball. Even the small towns have ball teams, and mighty good ones at that. We have night games all during the summer, and several tournaments are held. Our ball field is laid out on a gentle rise of ground at the edge of Washunga. There can always be found a small, cool breeze, and when the moon is full and rises out of the east in a swirl of clouds, it is a good thing just to be there. The games take on an unreal and dramatic quality they never could have in daylight.

It was just such a night, full orange moon, cool wind, and all, when the finals of the Washunga Baseball Tournament were played. In the semi-finals the Washunga team lost to the Mead City Refiners, a fast, snappy team from a much larger town. It was a team sponsored by a large oil company. The boys were dressed in good-looking uniforms of white with black lettering on their backs.

When they went into the finals the Refiners were faced by the Pawnee Indians Baseball Club. It was a bedraggled little team of slender Indian boys who had miraculously reached the finals and were within sight of the hundred-dollar prize. Their suits weren't snappy. In fact, they were dressed for the most part in ancient cotton trousers and soiled, ragged shirts, with dime-store caps covering their black hair. How the team had managed to raise the five-dollar entrance fee one could only imagine.

Their first baseman was an Indian named Yellow Horse, who at one time had been a big-league ball player. When he shuffled out on the field, we all gasped at his size. His shoulders were so broad they dwarfed the rest of his body, and his arms bulged with power. As he walked, his torso swayed with its bulk. His huge hands swung at his sides, and he made me think of a grizzly bear who has felt the restraint of civilization. His face was a brown blank, committed either to stupidity or diffidence, but which it was hard to say. He was dressed in a pair of old linen knickers and a gray sweat shirt that made his vast expanse of chest all the more imposing.

A loud-speaker had been installed, and Biff Martin was the announcer. Biff is postmaster of Washunga. He is a small man with a quick tongue and knows the game well. He talks all the time anyhow, so we thought he would be a good one to handle the loud-speaker. It made the games more exciting to hear Biff's voice booming out over the dusty diamond. The people in cars and in the

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grandstand listened to his continuous gabble, laughed, and listened some more.

"Folks," he roared, as the final game came up, "this game is gonna make baseball history. Both of these teams are red hot, and they're gonna give all they've got for that hundred bucks. And don't forget, you players, the Snow White Dairy has offered a quart of ice cream for every home run. Atta boys! Get going! Play ball!"

Then he saw Yellow Horse taking his place at first base. Biff snatched up his name and sent it soaring out over the loud-speaker. "Here comes Yellow Horse of the Indian team," he declaimed. "Maybe you folks don't know it, but fifteen years or so ago Yellow Horse was star batter in the National League. He's seen some great games, Yellow Horse has. I'll bet this seems pretty tame to him. Yes, siree. We all wonder what he is going to do for this ball game tonight. How about it, Yellow Horse?"

Yellow Horse gave no notice that he had heard. He strode on to his position at first base, shaking his head a little. The Mead City Refiners came out on the field, and Biff's attention was diverted as the game began.

The Refiners came up to bat first. The Indians' pitcher was a nervous, weedy little fellow, and the Refiners ended their half of the first inning with three runs.

Yellow Horse headed the Indians' batting list. As he came up to bat Biff again threw the spotlight of his mechanized voice upon him. "Yellow Horse is first to bat. He's the boy with the million-dollar arm. That's what they used to call him when the big-league teams fought over him."

Again Yellow Horse shook his head in a dazed fashion. A swish of whispers swept over the crowd. Several fellows nodded their heads in confirmation of Biff's remarks. Then a voice screeched out from the Mead City crowd of rooters, "Yah, yah. A million-dollar arm and a thirsty throat. Why ain't he in the big league now? I ast yuh. Old boozer! Old boozer!"

Yellow Horse scuffled his feet in the dust and thumped his bat against the ground. It was a twig in his powerful hands. The Refiners' pitcher sent him a couple of balls. Then he shot a hard, fast one across the plate. There was a crack. The ball flew up and out into space. Yellow

Like an ancient Indian spirit of wrath he administered punishment

DRAWINGS BY
DAVID HENDRICKSON

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Horse trotted around the bases, while the outfielder swore as he stumbled after the ball away out on the hillside with only the moonlight to guide him. Yellow Horse grinned sheepishly as he came in home.

The spectators were mostly Washunga citizens, and since their own team had lost, they were neutral, with perhaps a desire for the defeat of the Refiners. They cheered Yellow Horse's home run, honking automobile horns and yelling happily. Biff was ecstatic. "What did I tell you folks? This boy really knows how to hit 'em. Better watch out, you Refiners."

However, the other Indians struck out, and the innings drifted along uneventfully until the Refiners came up to bat in the fifth. The score was still three to one when a man on the Refiners' team tried to steal second. It was a close thing. The umpire called him safe amid howls of derision from those skeptics who always boo an umpire. The Indians seemed to take it philosophically. Maybe the man had been safe.

But in the Indians' half of the same inning one of their players was called out at third base by the umpire. It was a close decision again. Men sitting near the base shouted he was safe. The Indians looked a little dismayed, and two of the more fiery of them scowled and spat angrily at the dust. Word flashed from mouth to mouth that the umpire was a Mead City man who had been asked to officiate in the absence of an impartial umpire.

Then in the sixth inning a Mead City man got a hit. It looked good for a home run. The ball flew bounding far into the outfield, where an Indian boy, whose faded clothing blended with the tint of the dead grasses, rose up out of the ground, it seemed, and scooped the ball up into his glove. The runner and the ball reached home in a cascade of dust. The crowd roared he was out, but the umpire called him safe.

There was silence after the decision, and then the roar broke out with renewed force. Boos and catcalls rose from all sides. Three or four Indian players gathered about the umpire in sullen argument. Some of the spectators began to drift onto the field, hoping against hope for a good fight. But of course, the Indians couldn't be counted on for that. Yellow Horse squatted on his heels at first base, apparently indifferent to the outcome. Wiley Anderson, the chairman of the committee in charge, was in a frenzy. He had to support the umpire's decisions or admit engaging an unfair official. He could not let the game end by the Indians walking off the field. Another tournament was planned for the next summer, and although they were just a bunch of Indians Anderson didn't want people saying they had been cheated.

Biff Martin sensed the impending disaster, and chattered wildly from his microphone. "All right, folks. All right, folks. Go back to your places. Just a little argument that will be straightened out in a minute. These boys are just overexcited, that's all. Come on, boys, let's get back in the game. You'll feel different tomorrow and be sorry if you don't finish the game like sports." Then he addressed the stolid first baseman.

"Yellow Horse isn't doing any arguing. He's seen things like this happen a thousand times. He knows we're all apt to get a little excited at times. Now I'll bet Yellow Horse could tell you lots of times——"

Yellow Horse grunted and rose to his feet. He peered at the grandstand, identifying Biff as the point from which all the noise was emanating. He began to walk toward the stand, not hurriedly, but steadily making his way through the milling crowd that by this time thronged the diamond. He vaulted the front of the grandstand and came upon Biff, who stared at him in widemouthed surprise. One of Yellow Horse's long gorilla-like arms shot out and hoisted Biff into the air. He shook the squealing man as his great-grandfather might have shaken a fresh scalp. He was terrifying, not because of his rage, for his face was a dusty red mask, but because of the awful grandeur of his bearing. I have said he was a big man. There under those blazing lights he was gigantic, an ancient Indian spirit of wrath impersonally administering punishment to one of earth's nonentities.

Astonishment made gasping dummies of us all. The ball diamond with its neat white lines, the rows of cars parked precisely side by side, the fenced wheat fields beyond, all faded into nothing. I could hear the prairie grass ripple beneath moccasined feet and see vultures attentive for the kill.

Suddenly Yellow Horse tossed Biff to the ground in front of the stand. "Little man dam' loud," he observed. The words rolled out majestically over the loud-speaker, and he turned on the instrument to destroy it. But the spell was broken. Biff's shrieks were lost in the uproar. The town marshal hustled up, and Yellow Horse let himself be led off. Wiley Anderson squeaked hastily that the game was ended, the Refiners winning the prize money.

The marshal took Yellow Horse to jail. As he locked him up, Yellow Horse remarked again, with a humorous glitter in his eye, "Little man dam' loud." The rest of the Indian team climbed meekly into a rusty old car and drove home to their wretched shacks and numerous children. It was hard to believe anything at all had happened. Yet a doubt lingers in my mind as to whether "rabbits" is the right word to apply to Indians after all.

A Certain Seclusion

A certain seclusion there is,
A certain seclusion,
In the noise and confusion,
noise and confusion
of Chicago.
For, passing along Wabash Avenue,
under the elevated trains,
And walking along with the streetcars,
that roar explosively by . . .
You may chant a poem
at the top of your voice.
And no one will know you have spoken.

—Julian Lee Rayford

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Average net paid circulation for March exceeded
Daily---1,750,000
Sunday-3,250,000

DAILY NEWS

NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER

FINAL

Vol. 19. No. 243 | New York, [illegible] | 64 Main + 8 Manhattan Pages | 2 Cents IN CITY LIMITS | 3 CENTS Elsewhere

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Entered as 2nd class matter, Post Office, New York, N. Y.

U.S. IN WAR!

Story on next page

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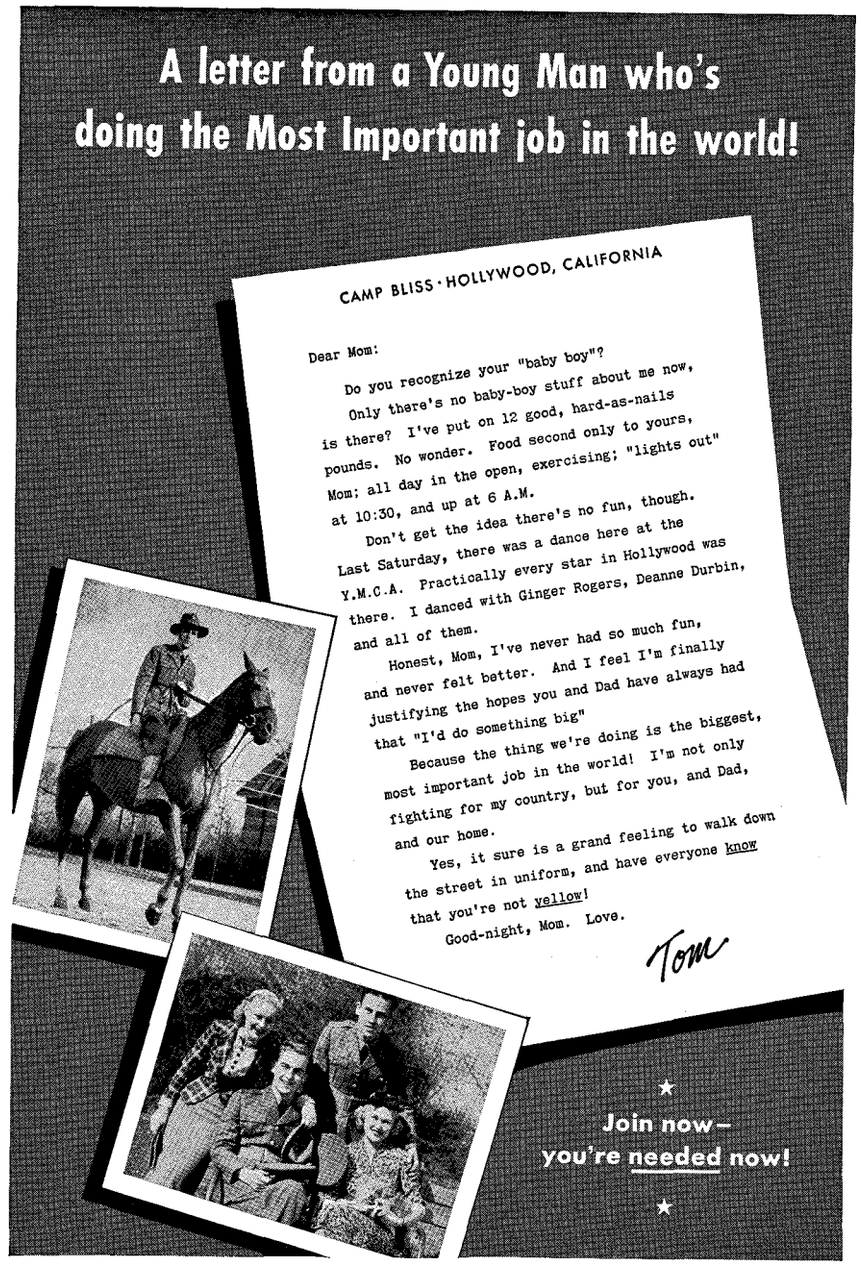
Advertising the Next War

TED PATRICK

The longest the United States has ever been at peace is thirty-three years. The average breathing spell between our wars is twenty-five years. If the average holds good (which, of course, it seldom does), we'll be at war again in 1943!

But, whenever war comes, it's certain that advertising will be called upon—just as it was in the last war. Advertising men will be asked to prepare advertisements selling war bonds; whipping up enthusiasm for meatless, heatless, wheatless, gasless, and whatnot-less days; and calling for volunteers. Not that the Government counts on filling the ranks with volunteers. In the last war fewer than fifty thousand enlisted before the draft went into effect. But the call for volunteers does have the important psychological effect of breaking down resistance to conscription.


A letter from a Young Man who's doing the Most Important job in the world!
CAMP BLISS · HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA
Dear Mom:
Do you recognize your "baby boy"?
Only there's no baby-boy stuff about me now, is there? I've put on 12 good, hard-as-nails pounds. No wonder. Food second only to yours, Mom; all day in the open, exercising; "lights out" at 10:30, and up at 6 A.M.
Don't get the idea there's no fun, though. Last Saturday, there was a dance here at the Y.M.C.A. Practically every star in Hollywood was there. I danced with Ginger Rogers, Deanne Durbin, and all of them.
Honest, Mom, I've never had so much fun, and never felt better. And I feel I'm finally justifying the hopes you and Dad have always had that "I'd do something big"
Because the thing we're doing is the biggest, most important job in the world! I'm not only fighting for my country, but for you, and Dad, and our home.
Yes, it sure is a grand feeling to walk down the street in uniform, and have everyone know that you're not yellow!
Good-night, Mom. Love.
Tom
Join now—
you're needed now!

One of the four advertisements for the next war. Two, three, and four are on the following pages

On these six pages, we have attempted to give you a preview of the advertisements you'll be seeing soon after your newspaper greets you one fine morning with screaming black type announcing "U. S. IN WAR!"

This is not a bit of tongue-in-cheekiness, but a serious effort by experienced advertising men to prepare exactly the kind of advertising we would if the Government were to ask for it today. J. M. Anthony, art director and cartoonist; Anton Bruehl, one of the most successful commercial photographers in America; Pagano Studios, one of the leading photographic studios of New York; Trigon Studio, experts in the art of hand-lettering; Albert Dorne, an artist in such demand by advertisers and advertising agencies that his income is about the same as the President's; and Herman Giesen, crack "picture-sequence" artist —all these people have worked with me on these advertisements. We have done our work exactly as we would for an actual advertiser. And the front page of the New York *Daily News* is our conception of the way that canny paper might announce America's entry into war.

There is only one touch of realism which we have avoided—i.e., that of naming any particular nation as the enemy. As our contribution to international harmony we have worked on the assumption that the war was being fought against the Yellow Race.

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All right, you yellow dogs —you asked for it!

LISTEN, YELLOW DOGS . . .

We think America is the greatest country in the world. We love our homes and we love our families.

And if you think we're going to let you take it all . . . if you think we'll stand by while you lay lustful hands on our wives and sweethearts and sisters . . . then you're just crazy!

We know we'll have a fight on our hands—but we've faced that before. *And we've never lost any fight we've gone into! America has never lost a war!*

How about it, young men of America? Are we going to let them lick us this time? *Right*—not while there's an American left standing!

Let's show 'em who's yellow and who isn't. There's a uniform your size waiting for you—and a straight-shooting Yankee rifle that'll fit snug against your shoulder.

So come on. Your country—your home—your family—need you as they never have needed you before!

★

Join now!
you're needed now!

★

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Johnny Gets
NO JOHNNY, I—I CAN'T SEE YOU THIS WEEK. I DON'T KNOW WHEN I CAN SEE YOU AGAIN!
GEE, DAD, I CAN'T UNDERSTAN IT. MARY AND I USED TO GET SWELL, AND, NOW SHE'LL HARDLY SPEAK TO ME SHE'S CHANGED!
YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU! ENLIST NOW!
LATER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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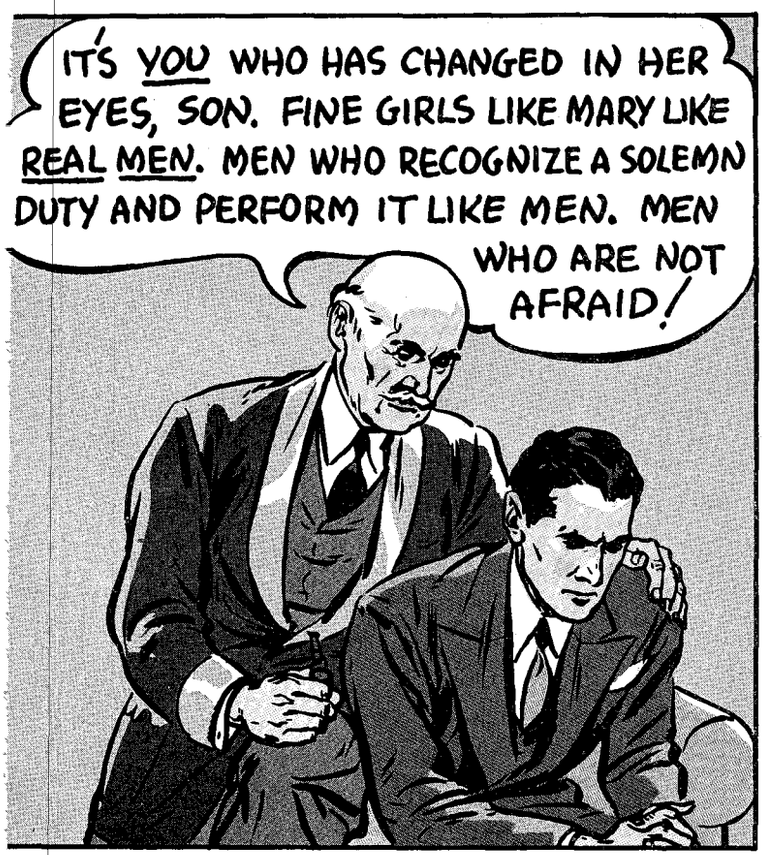
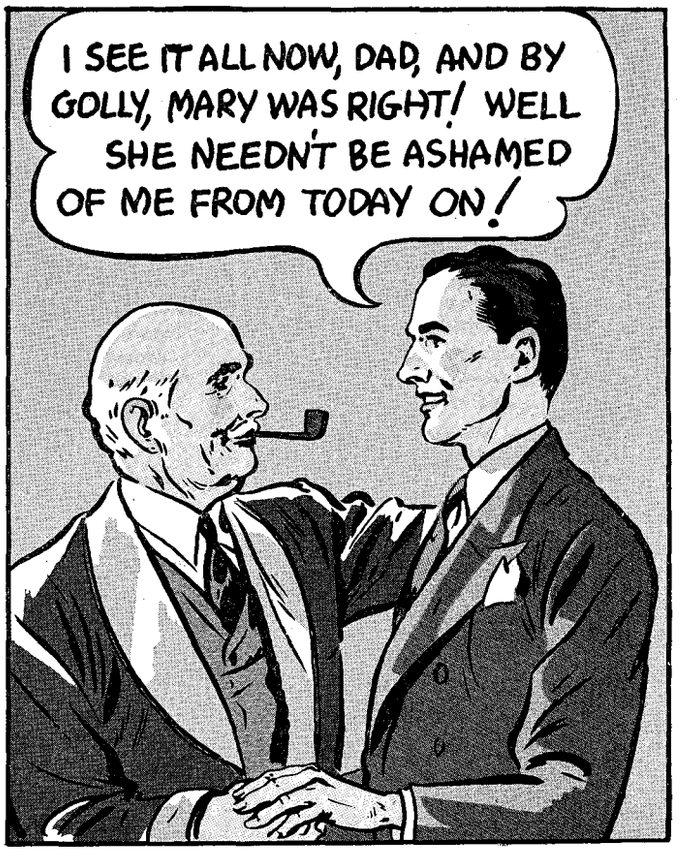
His Girl Back!


IT'S YOU WHO HAS CHANGED IN HER EYES, SON. FINE GIRLS LIKE MARY LIKE REAL MEN. MEN WHO RECOGNIZE A SOLEMN DUTY AND PERFORM IT LIKE MEN. MEN WHO ARE NOT AFRAID!



AMERICA NEEDS YOU!
America needs every able-bodied man between the ages of 18 and 35.
There's no time to lose, no man to be spared. Go to your local recruiting office today. Show your family, your loved ones, the whole world that you're white—not yellow!
Join now!
you're needed now!

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That this shall not be Your Sister!

Will a yellow hand of lust fall roughly on the white shoulder of *your* sister?

"Not while I've an ounce of manhood in my soul or a drop of blood in my body!" Naturally, that's your answer. BUT . . .

. . . if yellow feet ever reach American soil, yellow hands will clutch American women! Will that happen? That's largely up to you and the other red-blooded young men of America.

Words won't stop them. Prayers won't stop them. The "other fellow" won't stop them. But YOU can stop them! You, with a hard-hitting Yankee rifle in your hands!

Every hour you delay you give those yellow hands the chance to draw closer to *your* sister . . . *your* wife . . . *your* sweetheart. Come on! JOIN UP NOW! Show them that you're *white* . . . that *"You're not yellow!"*

★

Join now!

you're needed now!

★

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Ghost Behind the Grade

ROBERT GREENLEES

I INSIST that I am a professional man, although recently a teacher pointed a pair of spectacles at me and grunted, "Criminal." As a matter of fact, the moral and ethical standing of my occupation has not yet been carefully worked out, mainly because my occupation is not supposed to exist. I am one of a widespread and rapidly growing body of campus ghost writers, students making money for themselves by pounding out papers for those who are willing to pay for them. We have made an industry out of studying for other people.

A typical customer was a young coed, rather timid-looking and clearly embarrassed, who came to me at the beginning of the last school year.

"I'm just desperate," she began. "You've just got to help me out. I'll pay you anything if you'll do it."

"Do what?" I asked.

"Write my papers for me all year," she replied. "I have to take an English lit survey course where they make you hand in a thousand-word paper every Monday. I just don't know a thing about the old stuff, and I know I can't write the papers."

I gave her a special price of twenty-five dollars for the course, with a B average guaranteed on the papers, and she went out smiling. Each week she brought me the textbook and the outside reading assignments, and I did all the work.

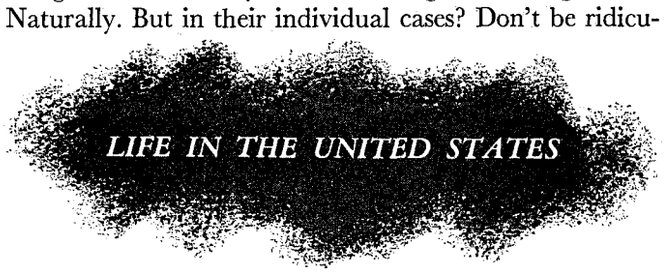
Gone are the days when Doris had to miss Friday night's dance and Saturday afternoon's Big Game because of Monday's English theme. No longer need Donald sweat over his desk till the east glows gray, gulping gallons of black coffee, to grind out his term paper in Economics. No, all they need do is place their order with their personal ghost writer; for the price of a date, the compositions will be individually written, with a good grade guaranteed or money refunded, and delivered to them on time, neatly typed with their names on the outside. Thus they are spared even the labor of reading the boring things.

I once feared detection, but now I know that human nature is shielding me. Parents and teachers alike are doggedly intent on deceiving themselves. They nod and shrug and cheerfully admit that ghost-writing exists. Naturally. But in their individual cases? Don't be ridiculous! Talking once with the expansive father of one of my steadiest customers, I brought the subject around to ghost-writing. Said he—he who in the preceding year had indirectly and unconsciously paid me exactly $41.90—"Yeah, I suppose a few numskulls do get their work done that way, but you know my kids wouldn't!" And the professors are equally eager to bury their heads in the sand. They say, "Of course we recognize that a certain amount of illegal help is being given, but it's always very obvious to us!" That kind of unconscious compliment simply makes a ghost writer glow inside. Ah, if they only knew. . . .

Two years ago, at the University of Kansas City, I was in a Chaucer class of fourteen students, in which a monthly book report was required. Obviously nothing could be more dreary than a book report in a Chaucer class, so the students were willing—even pitifully eager—to wish the assignment off on someone else. Consequently, at one time twelve of the fourteen book reports due were written by myself.

For a week and a half I worked every spare moment. I even had my meals brought to my desk. Quotations always look impressive, so for each paper I searched out a likely passage; then I racked my brain for something significant, or at least lengthy, that I could say about it. In the girls' papers I was sweet and hesitant; in the boys', excited and dogmatic. And among the hectic details that could not be forgotten was the varying of the paper, or the typewriter, or both, for each individual. Assembling all the neighbors' typewriters and all the available paper, I wearily figured the maximum number of different combinations as I munched cold sandwiches. It was a nightmare, but the thought of the whole farce going undetected kept me gleeful. That and the money rolling in. In the end, not a single client was even remotely suspected. And the climax was capped when the teacher asked me to help grade the papers!

I didn't dream of such mass production when I began, more or less innocently, two years ago. A friend begged me to correct an English theme he had written. I tried, but finally had to confess it was beyond my help. Despairing at my verdict, he wailed he would pay me almost anything to write one of the damned things for him. It seemed so simple and innocuous at the time that I complied cheerfully. But to my astonishment, he returned, and brought a friend with him. And that friend in turn brought a fraternity brother who also had a girl who wasn't so good on Economics papers.



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Soon from the force of pure momentum, I found myself doing a mail-order business. I began receiving timid little notes such as one in a feminine hand from Northwestern that began, "You don't know me, but I heard about you from Janet V—— when I visited her in Kansas City. You see, I have a paper due. . . ." And then, when I did a History of the Episcopalian Church for the Northwestern girl, I received a letter from Wellesley, saying, "You don't know me, but I need a paper on the Medieval Church and . . ." So one after another they came to me from Michigan, from Illinois, and even from as far as Wyoming.

All this while there was the embarrassing problem of what to charge. Arbitrarily, I set my regular fee at $1.50 per thousand words, with an additional fifty cents an hour for any outside research work involved.

I have written over two hundred thousand words for sixty people in eight colleges, and I now earn about two hundred dollars a school year. This is insignificant in comparison with the earnings of the ghost writer for Eastern campuses who makes a cool six thousand a year, but I work only in my spare time. Besides, look at the education I am getting.

I sometimes stop to think of that, and wonder about the ethics of the whole business. I think of the loving parents throughout the nation who are determined in an indefinite way to give their children "every possible advantage." So they pay to send them to college. They pay the school to give their children an education, and then indirectly pay me to get the education in place of their children. That used to worry me, before I discovered that it seldom worries the parents. As a group, they aren't at all clear on just why they sent their children to college. "The social contacts one gains at college are important, you know," they explain, beaming. Some are frank enough to blurt out, "Well, what else would we do with Betty for four years?"

Sometimes I have collected my fees directly from the parents. One mother smiled and told me it was "such a relief" to know of me, because formerly "Clementine just worried herself sick over her papers." In the case of my customer out in the University of Wyoming, her parents sent me a regular check just as they sent her one. Certainly if this is the attitude of the parents, the students are not ones to object. And I think even the professors will soon acquiesce. Last year one exclaimed to me in disgust, "Well, if a student hasn't any more sincere attitude toward his studies than to hire you, it's certainly all right with *me!* I'll pass him and all of his kind just to get them out of my classes!" I personally agree with this old gentleman for more than simply business reasons. But I can't blame the students, as he does, nor even the parents; it is rather the fault of the false standards that dictate a college education for all, regardless of aptitude or attitude.

DRAWING BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

Most of those who come to me are inferior students. But because I guarantee any desired grade, often my greatest difficulty is to convince a C student that it is not the best strategy to blossom suddenly forth with A papers. When I had been ghost-writing scarcely a month, a bright-looking young fellow came to me begging for the best book report I could possibly turn out. Inspired by his plan, I wrote him one on a Danish epic trilogy of novels, making it a minor masterpiece. How was I to know that the poor fool was a D student whose greatest literary venture was *Dan Dashaway and His Outboard Aquaplane?* Luckily, for me, his teacher thought he had copied it from a magazine.

On the other hand, I am occasionally approached by intelligent, sincere scholars such as a young woman for whom I did several long Sociology reports. No one could have had a more enthusiastic and conscientious regard for her courses in Sociology. Unfortunately, however, she had never really learned to write; her thoughts simply would not flow when she was confronted by blank white paper. Under such circumstances we worked together. I went with her—at fifty cents an hour—to examine orphan homes and to interview wardens of prisons. We got the information and knowledge together, and I put it down on paper for her. Then she studied the reports thoroughly. Detection in this case would have been nearly impossible; and it would also have been tragic.

Almost every individual case is fascinating. Two years ago I did work in three different courses for an upright young man piously hoping to become an Episcopalian minister—if I could get him through college. Another client was getting student relief so he could attend school; he paid for his papers with government checks. Some boisterous customers make me cringe by shouting happily down the college hall, "Hey, how about that paper you're writing for me?" And others make me feel like an international spy as they insist that I stealthily secrete my work in their mail boxes after everyone else is asleep.

Ghost-writing is putting me through school, for which I am indebted to it. But I am more indebted to it for the fun it is giving me. I'm having the time of my life being a power in the lives of others. From high-school sophomores to college graduates they come to me, and for a little while, to some slight degree, I control the immediate destiny of each.

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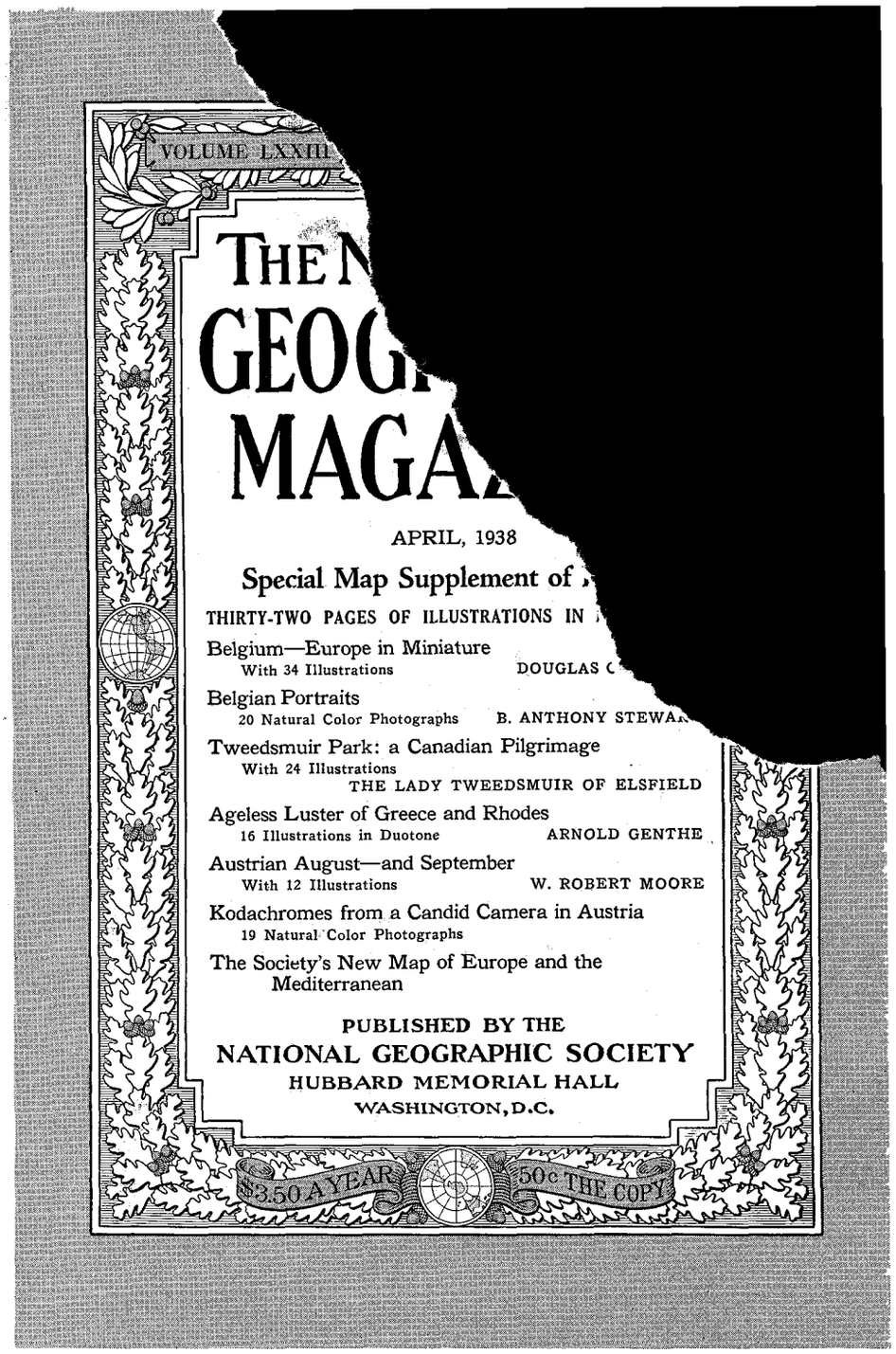
GEOGRAPHY, INC.

ISHBEL ROSS

The magazine with a membership committee, a flag and enormous profits . . . its taboos, million buyers and post-war advertising revenues totaling $24,894,423



WHEREVER the tom-tom beats, the Moslem kneels in prayer, or two or three persons speaking the English language are gathered together, may be found the *National Geographic Magazine,* an American product which in fifty years has taken on the familiar aspect of the map of the world itself. It is read, hoarded, and consulted with a tenacity rare in the magazine field; it has some of the stout qualities for family reading of the Bible or encyclopedia. It lingers on shelves year after year; it instructs the young and cheers the invalid; it tempers the waiting hours in the offices of doctors and dentists.

Before the five-foot shelf, the travelogue, or radio had enlivened the home with tabloid information, the *National Geographic* was giving its readers a mixed diet of adventure, exploration, and self-education—a touch of the Rover boys teamed up with the staid professor. Its pictures were then the best and most lavish in the land.

The aim of the magazine when it was founded was to serve as a cultural and educational influence, to popularize a subject which at that time was as much a scholar's game as mathematics. Its timing was good. Science was entering a golden age, exploration was in bud, international complications of the most sensational sort were soon to fasten attention on boundary lines.

In 1888 a group of scholars, feeling that the map of the world was worthy of public interest, aside from its topographical aspects, founded the Geographic Society, then launched the magazine. Their first brochure was issued from a small rented room in the Corcoran Building in Washington. They had no funds, no paid help, only some technical copy on hand.

This year the *National Geographic* celebrates its semicentennial with a highly stable circulation of 1,132,079. Its advertising revenue for the past year was $1,469,536. It has a staff of 800, one of the show buildings of Washington for its headquarters and another for its workshop. Five hundred clerks handle membership applications and dispatch the magazine to the ends of the earth, beginning three weeks ahead with remote points and working down in converging circles to the District of Columbia. The magazine is supposed to be in the hands of all readers by the first of the month, but this is a tall order. It must travel by ship, train, airplane, sampan, and camel caravan to fulfill a romantic mailing list, suggestive of Indian palaces, tea plantations, jungle settlements, ostrich farms and Eskimo huts. From Iceland to Mauritius, from Canada with its 44,264 readers to the Solomon Islands with 17, it has a long way and many places to go.

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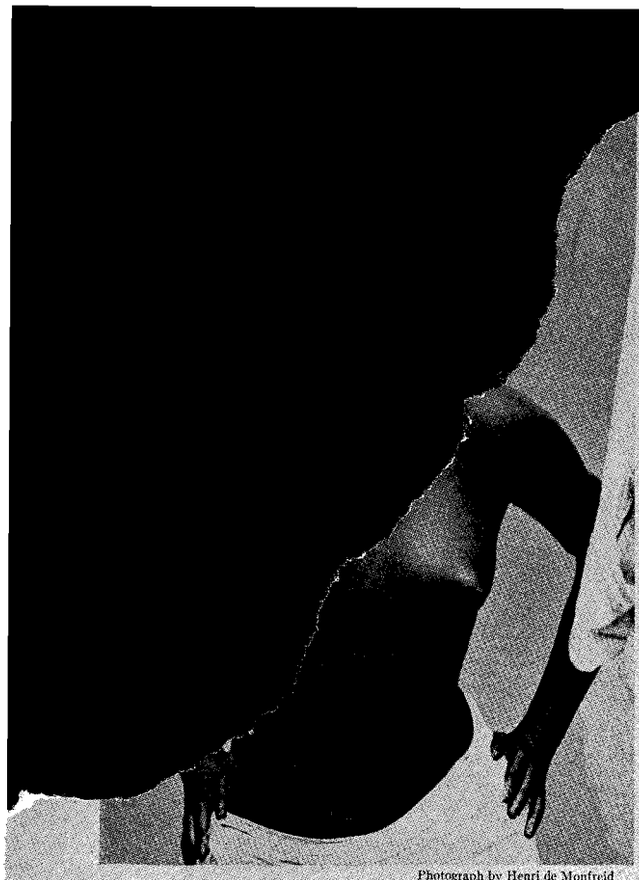

Photograph by Henri de Monfreid

THIS SUDANESE SLAVE GIRL BELONGS TO A RICH ARAB MERCHANT OF MOCHA

Treaties among Christian nations to suppress the slave trade are without effect on human behavior in remote nooks of the Moslem world. When a traveler visits a sheik and admires a slave, his host—true to desert hospitality—may make him a present of his human chattel!

I plunged the long boat hook into the sea as if about to anchor, but held the bomb under the vital parts of the boat. I carefully counted the seconds up to ten. Then I cried to the nakhoda, who was ready:

"Call your men."

All together we shouted to the men in the zarug to jump into the sea if they could.

The Zaraniks awoke; the breech of a rifle clicked; I continued to count—18, 19. . . .

Then a greenish flame spurted from the center of their boat as the dynamite exploded.

I had held the explosive under the mast, where there are usually no sleepers. The mast crashed down, and a few seconds later stones rained on all sides—the pebble ballast had been blown sky-high. By a miracle nobody was knocked senseless.

A SEA OF WRITHING MEN

The zarug sank in a few seconds and men floundered in the water. There were wild shouts. The Sudanese swam heavily by their arms, as they were chained two and two by the legs. The Zaraniks fled toward the island in small boats. The panic was complete.

I lighted a big torch of gasoline, which illuminated the scene. The zarug had disappeared, but a multitude of objects floated on the placid water. The Zaraniks were paddling off in three boats, bailing out the water meanwhile. I fired in their direction while my Somalis gave chase.

With the men who remained on board I hauled in the Sudanese and with considerable difficulty removed their heavy iron shackles.

Day was breaking and soon we could see through the transparent water the hull of the sunken zarug, the bow resting on a big rock and the stern hanging in the deep-blue water.

One of the rescued Sudanese, a Hercules with rather thin legs, took one end of a rope and dived. I saw him climb over the wreck,

But circulation is not the polite word for it, and this is where the *National Geographic* differs fundamentally from other publications. Its subscribers are members in a fellowship. They enter in the guise of guest, not customer. They pay dues of $3 a year in the United States, $3.50 in Canada, $4 abroad, or $100 for life, and become members of the National Geographic Society. The magazine, with all the maps, supplements and perquisites that come with it, is presented as an incidental. The main lure is the membership, and the fine glow it gives of helping to open up the highways and byways of the world. In this way the janitor, plumber, and loneliest lighthouse keeper share with kings and scientists the fun of sending an expedition to Peru or an explorer to the South Pole.

This beguiling notion of armchair adventure, fathered by Alexander Graham Bell, has had a profound effect on the destiny of the magazine. Sixty per cent of the early members are still on the rolls, and twenty-two of the pioneers of 1888 continue to receive their *Geographics*. While the circulation today is 85,000 below the 1929 peak, the renewals touch 85 per cent, something of a phenomenon in the magazine field. All this has been accomplished by the membership device. No canvasser or subscription salesman has ever been employed to push circulation. Commissions, premiums, and bonuses have not figured in the build-up. The *Geographic* has not resorted to tricks of this type for the good reason that its own membership stratagem is sufficient. Where other magazines employ good-looking girls and trial offers, the *Geographic* scorns appeals to sex and stinginess. Its appeal is to the joining instinct and no eight-for-a-dollar circular can approach its handsomely printed stationery bearing into prosaic homes the glad tidings:

"Dear Sir:

"I have the honor of advising you that the Membership Committee extends you a cordial invitation to become a member of the National Geographic Society. . . ."

The Society works on benign principles and opens the door to anyone who can get nomination from a member already in good standing. The nomination isn't hard to get. The committee on admissions is both helpful and lenient. If an applicant lives in a small town and cannot find a sponsor, the committee finds one for him. If the applicant lives in a city with an address that suggests neither a prison nor other suspicious circumstances, he is quite certain to gain admittance into the Society. And even if the applicant does reside in prison, he can pay an extra fifty cents a year and receive the magazine without becoming a member of the Society. (When Al Capone changed his address from Chicago to Alcatraz, he was shifted from the membership to the subscription list.)

But the subscription list does not necessarily imply the official blackball. All corporations, libraries, schools, and institutions automatically get the magazine on this basis. So does Buckingham Palace. This still leaves more than 99 per cent of the *Geographic* readers who are full-fledged members of the Society, so pleasing a thought that one Congressman grandly but inaccurately refers to himself in *Who's Who* as a "Fellow" of the National Geographic Society.

Newsstand sales are negligible—less than 10,000 out of a circulation of more than a million. Every effort is made to keep them down. Distribution of this kind obviously would tend to undermine the rock-ribbed system built up over the years, and would weaken the whole idea of one big fellowship of geographers.

The members are an articulate family who make no secret of their likes and dislikes. The daily mail shows

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that the United States leads in reader interest, closely followed by Great Britain, France, and the other European countries. Then come Asia and, last of all, South America and South Africa. But it takes a staggering amount of correspondence to cope with the assorted queries that filter in. All whims are tenderly nurtured, and the whole system of handling the members is paternalistic. The geographers are handled like club members rather than magazine subscribers; their tastes are consulted; the advertising is restricted to their needs. The result is much good will and plenty of missionary work gladly done by the members.

II

THE *National Geographic* represents a world of escape as well as education, particularly now, when every publication shouts war, pictures drip with blood and the reader is bombarded with economics. It has none of the flippancy of the purely smart publication, nor the harsh impact of the realistic school. It is not the favorite reading of the bar-fly, the wit, the *jeunesse dorée,* or the man-about-town. Instead, it has an unrivaled schoolroom following, and its older readers are probably as diversified a group as any magazine has on its lists.

Frequently there are howls about its literary style, a fact which the editors accept without concern, since it makes no particular claim to distinction in this field. Joseph Conrad, Donn Byrne, and other literary figures of the first water have contributed to its pages, but as travelers only. Much of the material that appears in the magazine has the chatty quality of a letter to the folks at home, which may have something to do with its popularity. Its editors are not primarily interested in the work of writers as such, but in the story they have to tell, and the reader may amble from cover to cover without a breath of controversy, or a critical note.

The result is a faintly roseate world, where scenes of Austrian peasant life have more point than armies of marching men, where the beauties of moor and fen edge out the current beat of history. Few hints of the blood and muck of the World War got into the pages of the *Geographic*. True, Herbert Corey wrote on "Cooties and Courage" in June, 1918, but in general the readers were treated liberally to the admonitions of cabinet members on food, shipping, and preparedness, or to neighborly pieces like "Our Friends the French."

News is not ignored, but in general the policy is to give it geographical background only. On several occasions, by luck, or the prescience of its editors, the *Geographic* has been on the band wagon—notably with Robert E. Peary, before his name became a household word, and again when Dr. Gilbert H. Grosvenor, America's Geographer No. 1, caught in a war scare in France during 1913, quickly ordered a map of Europe on his return. It was prepared in haste and for eight months 300,000 copies were stored at headquarters. Thus the *Geographic* was ready for the slaying of the Austrian Archduke, and the maps went out in time for its readers to follow, in their neat way, the course of the armies.

A typical *Geographic* issue contains from six to ten articles and is jammed with illustrations—sometimes as many as thirty in color and a hundred in black and white. An effort is made to vary the locale and not to revert too soon to a subject which has already been done. The range is something like this:

One American theme—the history of a state, a city, some natural wonder, or a civic project

Peasant life or pageantry in Europe, quiet byways, a native festival, or a glossy display of plumed soldiers

troductory lessons, the blood of a deer was rubbed on the shoes of a man possessing considerable running ability and perseverance. The runner then took a remote circuit of a mile or so, occasionally renewing the blood on the shoes as the scent became less effectual. These lessons were continued, and the circuit more and more enlarged, until, having afforded satisfactory proof of his progress, the hound was finally taught to hunt the "dry foot" of a man.

Bloodhounds kept for man-hunting are not allowed to run on the scent of any of the lower animals, lest it make them less proficient in their specialty.

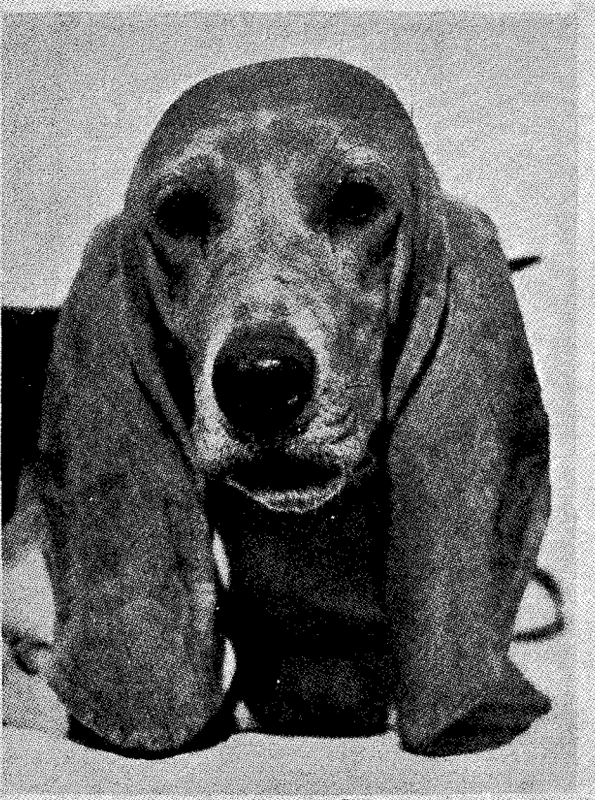
The Bloodhound is a descendant of the Talbot or old Norman hound brought to England by its conquerors in the 11th century. Unless he is encouraged to be savage, he is quite an inoffensive and at times a man-shy dog. But he loves hunting.

Bloodhound field trials are held in England, the "clean boot" only being used. On the arrival of the hound at the end of the trail, he simply throws up his head and bays the treed "criminal."

It is recorded that the Spaniards in the West Indies and Latin America were in possession of very large and fierce dogs which they called "bloodhounds," but these differed very much from the old English Bloodhound.

The Spanish dog was about the same height as the Talbot, with small, erect ears (which the Spaniards generally cropped); the nose was more pointed, and the hair and skin hard. This dog's countenance was forbidding. No doubt it was because of the stories which reached the outside world that "bloodhound" became synonymous with "bloodthirstiness," an attribute which in fact the dog does not possess.

Also the term probably has been wrongly



Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

THEY'RE WEARING 'EM LONG IN PARIS THIS SEASON

In fact, as Musette would tell you if she could, a good Basset Hound's ears are always long—almost as lengthy as its pedigree. She herself is a French importation owned by Gerald M. Livingston, Huntington, Long Island. In head appearance this breed so closely resembles the Bloodhound that the author, leading his Basset, was once mistaken for a sleuth (page 463).

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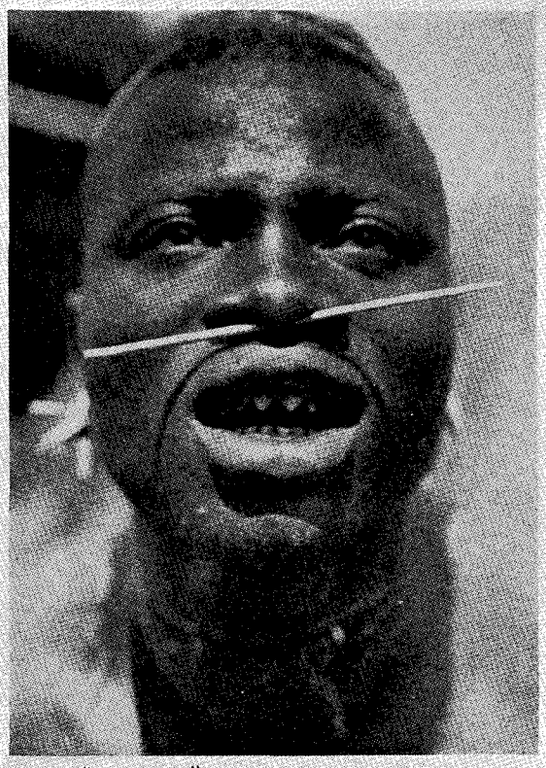

FOR "FULL DRESS" HE WEARS THIS PORCUPINE QUILL

A stick of bamboo serves at other times. He is a typical Bassari tribesman, with characteristic flat nose and thick lips. Noses of both men and women are pierced at an early age. Filed teeth, such as his, are in style only in certain villages. Although ancestral enemies, Fulahs and Bassaris live peaceably together.

and thorny country in the tropical heat, and the constant washings, forced me to spend hours darning, mending, and repairing.

Our pillows became uneven and lumpy after a while, and I determined to make new ones. The day after I had made known in the village that I was in need of kapok, a boy turned up carrying on his head a huge basket filled with it (see illustration, page 730). On first appearance the quantity which he brought me seemed enormous, but after I had picked it over with the help of four little blacks, and removed the impurities, there remained barely enough for my needs.

For a few days I ambitiously tried to collect moths and butterflies, but in less than a week the better portion of my collection was devoured by insects. I gave up the attempt for lack of sufficient equipment.

PHONOGRAPH MUSIC HATH CHARMS

After supper on my third evening alone in Boussoura, I felt the need of music. It was warm, and I brought the phonograph outdoors and settled myself comfortably in the chaise-longue to enjoy "The Fire Dance." I remained alone less than 10 minutes. From all directions came the natives to stand or squat about me just beyond the nimbus of light thrown by my lantern. Before the third record had finished playing, perhaps 60 or 70 men, women, and children were grouped around listening.

The "music box" obviously fascinated them, but they did not get noisily excited until they heard the human voice. When I put on "Bend Down, Sister," in which the singer also laughs, they jumped up and down, shrieking with glee. When I announced through the cook that I was about to play the last record, their disappointment was keen, and at the end they delegated a brother of the chief to ask me to give them a concert every evening. I told them I considered that a bit too often, but I promised to do so every second evening, and kept my word.

Two days later the youngsters collected even before I had finished my supper, and some of the boys danced, one at a time, doing a sort of barefoot tap dance, with

Ruins, temples, and tribal customs of Asia or Africa lavishly illustrated with native life

A natural history theme, anything from the ant to the whale, fetchingly illustrated with color

Science, aviation, invention

A dash of adventure (often an unusual sailing expedition or man's struggle with natural forces)

Dr. Grosvenor likes the adventure touch. He lends an attentive ear to the voyager who follows a new route, and he is particularly interested in sailing. Neither he nor his colleagues need seek far for their material. Explorers and scientists turn to the magazine, recognizing it as their market. Sometimes they cannot write. Sometimes they do not know the English language. In either case they are turned over to staff members, most of whom have journalistic or consular background. These experts draw out the traveler, whip material into shape or, armed with cameras and typewriters on their own account, start off for the four corners of the earth as casually as one might cross the street. The *Geographic* has in its files enough unused manuscripts to get out all the issues from now through June, 1944.

In its early days the magazine got along without paying for contributions. Now it pays up to $2500 and down to $100 for full-fledged articles, but its average is somewhere between $200 and $500. Thus its manuscript costs are low compared with those of magazines of parallel circulation. The ideal *Geographic* writer is one bent on displaying his discoveries—a traveler more anxious to tell his tale than to make money out of it.

The cumulative index contains 13,400 entries and is lush with the names of Presidents, cabinet members, explorers, and scientists. Peary, Amundsen, Byrd, Eckener, Stefansson, Shackleton, Amelia Earhart, Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh—all have supplied the *Geographic* with accounts of their trail-blazing. Theodore Roosevelt gave it some of his travel observations, and Calvin Coolidge contributed an essay on Massachusetts at a rate somewhat below his usual dollar-a-word.

Peary and the magazine were helpful to each other in the early part of the century. He contributed to its pages time and again, and received the first important grant the Society gave. In 1906 he was awarded the Hubbard medal for attaining the most northerly point reached up to that time. This was anticipating history. A second gold medal was bestowed on him when he made his final objective. In the issue of October, 1909, the *Geographic* ran in most unsensational form the reports of both Peary and Frederick A. Cook, claiming discovery of the North Pole. At the same time the announcement was made that the Society would not accept the personal statement of either man without full investigation by a scientific committee. They were asked to submit their observations on this basis. Peary did. Cook was not heard from again, nor did his name reappear in the *Geographic*.

The magazine boasts that its flag (three solid stripes—blue for the sky, brown for the earth, green for the sea) has been carried to both poles, raised to the loftiest height yet attained in the stratosphere (72,395 feet), and lowered to the greatest depth reached below water (3028 feet). Seven of its fifty-two expeditions have been to the polar regions; half of its twenty medals have gone to aviators. It is the only magazine in America with promotion tied to the President of the United States. He is the person who usually bestows the Society's Hubbard medal for geographic distinction. Many a publicity man has sickened with jealousy on seeing photographs linking an organization with the President and such newsworthy

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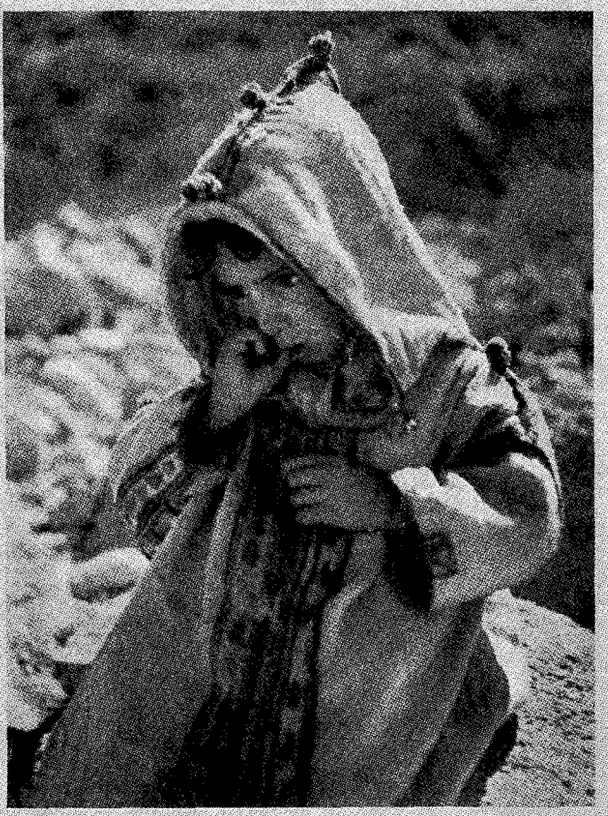

A CAMERA-SHY "CAVE MAN"

His home is cut in a high rock cliff overlooking the stony desert. The troglodyte headman of Douirat promised him a present if he would "look at the birdie," but the youngster bashfully sucks his thumb.

tures! Making every effort not to disturb the spirit of the service, I moved freely among the congregation.

Before the Holy of Holies I held back, for I did not want to take undue advantage of such tolerant hospitality. But another rabbi urged me on (page 379).

Near the doorway to the inner shrine two men, in a seemingly accidental manner, blocked my path, and when the Scroll of the Law was brought forth before the people I made no effort to photograph it.

Perhaps unusual tolerance exists there because no one knows the race or religion of the woman in whose memory the first Ghriba was erected.

Saved from famine by the Jews, this mysterious one lived among them in prayer and meditation. One morning they found her lying dead, but with a look of ineffable peace on her face as with open eyes she gazed up into the Beyond. On that spot "the Marvelous" synagogue was built and thither every year come Jewish pilgrims from far away.

worth it—a company of Jews escaped into Egypt and ultimately arrived on Djerba. Two communities of them still live there in a purity of blood and traditions which is unequaled in Jerusalem itself. Near Hara Srira is a synagogue, famous throughout Jewry, in which I spent a memorable hour during the weekly worship of the Law.

Only with reverence and the consent of the worshipers do I use a camera in church, mosque, or synagogue. When I entered the Ghriba, I capped my lens.

Imagine my gratitude when a handsome Jew with large sad eyes and a flowing beard made signs that I might take pic-

VISITING AN ISLAND POTTERY

Djerba provided me with one more thrill, for I visited the potteries of Guellala under the guidance of Messa'ud el Ghul, who, showing talent, was sent by the Djerbans to Sèvres, France. The soft clay shaped

medalists as Lindbergh and Amelia Earhart.

III

Gardiner G. Hubbard, father-in-law of Dr. Bell, launched the National Geographic Society in 1888. He assembled thirty-three scientifically minded men at the Cosmos Club, and a few months later the first issue of the Society's journal appeared. It was a slim volume in terra-cotta covers, costing fifty cents, and its contents were dull and technical. In it were printed the names of all subscribers, a practice that today would require the volumes of twelve years.

On Dr. Hubbard's death in 1897 Dr. Bell became president and began changing the magazine. He established the membership plan and replaced dilettante assistance with paid help. At this point Gilbert Grosvenor stepped into the picture. He was energetic, twenty-three, and fresh from Amherst. An identical twin, he was so much like his brother Edwin that professors could not tell them apart. Their boyhood had been spent on the banks of the Bosporus, while their father was teaching at Robert College in Constantinople. In the late nineties the two boys went to a house party at the Bells and shortly afterwards the inventor wrote to their father asking if either of them cared to work on his magazine. Gilbert jumped at the chance. He moved to Washington and in the following year married Dr. Bell's daughter.

When he took over his editorial duties in April, 1899, the treasury was empty, the Society was $2000 in debt, the circulation of the magazine was around 300. Dr. Bell paid his son-in-law's salary of $1200 a year out of his own pocket. This kept up for six years—until the magazine began making headway. In 1905 John Oliver La Gorce strolled into the office and was put on the payroll at $60 a month. Today, Dr. Grosvenor (honorary degrees from Amherst, Georgetown, William and Mary, and the South Dakota School of Mines) is editor of the magazine, president of the Society and, in effect, the *National Geographic*. Dr. La Gorce (honorary degrees from George Washington and the South Dakota School of Mines) is associate editor, vice-president, and unquestionably the No. 2 Geographer. The two men apparently complement each other; they have shaped the magazine's policies and under them it has moved forward at a staggering pace. The circulation was 209 in 1888, 693 in 1892, 10,000 in 1905. But in the next seven years it rose to 107,000. At the end of the war, when other magazines were losing ground, it had passed the 500,000 mark and by 1920, it was 750,000, a circulation dream. In another decade it had tipped 1,000,000.

This sevenfold increase during the war years was phenomenal. The magazine concentrated on the geography of the war-torn countries. It issued a flag number, and its maps, particularly one of the Western Front, were in demand all over the world. The public became interested in the geographical detail of the countries of Europe during the hectic war period, and this was reflected in the avidity with which the *Geographic* was read. It seemed to suit the times.

IV

The National Geographic Society preceded the magazine, but the chit grew up and now supports the parent in excellent style. It turns in a profit every year, but the Society no longer needs to depend upon that; like all good children the magazine has set up a handsome trust fund. The exact size of this fund, and the amount of income therefrom, are matters which Dr. Grosvenor does not care to have discussed in public (*continued on page* 57)

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DRAWINGS BY ROBERT FAWCETT

Murder Is a Fact

A MYSTERY SERIAL BY KURT STEEL

Fact, with its circulation of five million a week, admittedly the most powerful single periodical in America, is managed by three men: Hugh Flint, Philip Norton, and Baird Henderson.

Flint, brilliant, pseudo-liberal, conceived the idea of Fact, Incorporated, while the trio were still classmates in college, and is now its guiding genius.

Norton, shrewd businessman, is financial head of the organization and a check on Flint's erratic enthusiasms.

Henderson, chief of staff, whose cynical detachment leaves him untroubled by the anonymity cast on him by the combined shadows of his two colleagues, looks with amusement on Flint's fervent schemes, current of which is scouting university campuses for promising editorial talent. First fruit of this device is collegian Clark Malory, who has been signed to write for *Fact* on his graduation a year hence and is spending his vacation in the editorial offices as assistant to Norton.

On Tuesdays *Fact* goes to press. From Tokyo, Vienna, Cairo, from war fronts, money marts, laboratories, bordellos, the news converges upon the jangling editorial rooms in New York to be assembled and flashed to the Midwest printing and distribution plant whence it flows to *Fact's* five million readers three days later.

One Tuesday when the terrific pressure is at its peak, Philip Norton is visited by two men: George Danisher, cosmetics maker, who threatens reprisal for *Fact's* printing an exposé of poisons in his widely used product; and Lynch Rains, labor leader, whose commission to write a series of articles for *Fact* Norton has canceled.

That night while Flint is trying to persuade Monica Leeds, nationally famed young columnist, to join his staff,

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Rains denounces *Fact* over a radio network. Later Julia, Norton's wife, who bitterly wants a divorce to marry Flint, drives a prowler from their Long Island estate.

At two o'clock next morning Norton is found dead a short distance from his home. . . .

IX

THE NEWSPAPERS, motivated by that singularly pure *esprit de corps* which gives any tragedy within the fourth estate the status of a national catastrophe, made of Philip Norton's murder a *cause célèbre* in six hours.

From early morning, tense-voiced announcers interrupted radio programs to bring to a listening nation bulletins announcing the emergence of this or that slim clue, descriptions of the police planes scouring the low Nassau County skies, the white police cars dashing here and there about the countryside.

By early afternoon, as the hour for the inquest approached, roads in the vicinity of the murder lane were choked with the curious, and a steady stream of cars flowed slowly past the village mortuary where Norton's body lay.

Baird Henderson, driving Flint's roadster, was caught in the traffic which moved like a glacier along the village street. To Clark Malory, who sat beside him, he said, "We'll be lucky if we find a place to park."

The youth had been unusually silent during the hot drive from the city. His narrow face was pale, his disdainful mouth set. He asked, "You don't honestly think he is?"

Henderson, fuming at the traffic, said absently, "Is what?" He looked sharply at Clark. "You're still worrying about that?"

"I'm a realist," the youth snapped. He bit his lip. "It's common knowledge that Flint is ten times more important in *Fact* than Norton was."

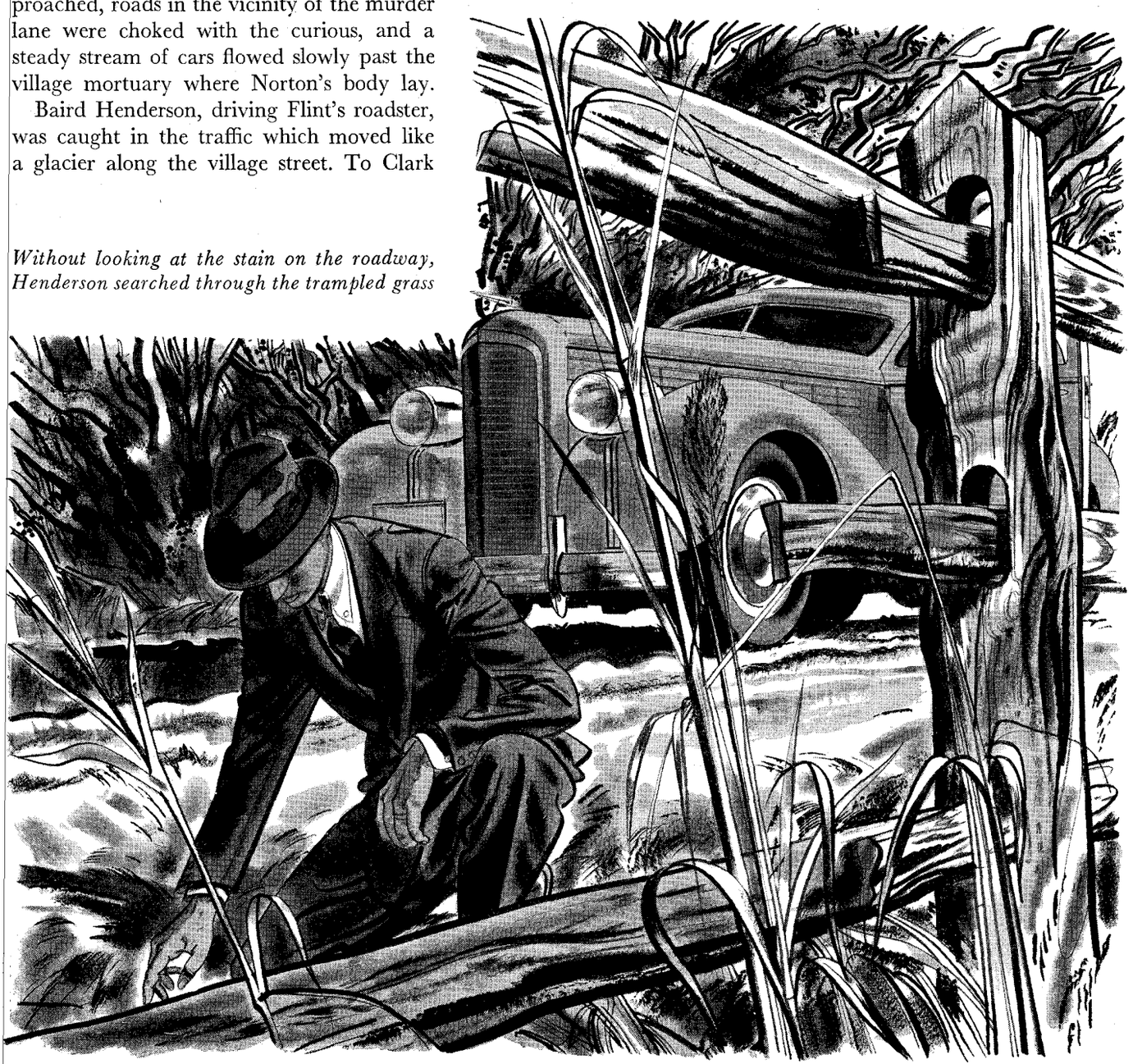
"Flint's in no danger."

"They killed Norton."

Henderson's mouth tightened. He said quietly, "Someone killed him. It may have nothing to do with *Fact*."

"Don't be naïve, Henderson."

The phrase nettled Henderson, but he held his peace.



Without looking at the stain on the roadway, Henderson searched through the trampled grass

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"*Fact* has enemies, Henderson," Clark went on condescendingly. "I've been in a position to know that. Two men were in the office yesterday who—" He broke off. "Flint should have a bodyguard."

"How good a shot are you?" Henderson asked.

Clark was oblivious to his irony. "I broke ninety in meets in high school. That was with a .22," he added. "I've never handled a police caliber."

Silence lasted until, after what was almost a physical assault on the sweating local constable, Henderson established their right to turn into an alley and stop half a block from the hall where the inquest would be held.

Clark spoke once more as they walked toward the building. "Will we—that is, will the body be——?"

Henderson said, "No."

Women in sunglasses and halter brassières hung from the slowly passing cars and stared at them curiously as they entered the hall. It had been broiling in the street; the low barren room was an oven, shades drawn at the windows to keep out prying glances, naked electric bulbs hanging from green cords and shedding a stifling brightness on the officials, witnesses, and newsmen who crowded in.

Henderson's eyes widened as he recognized Julia Norton sitting beside Flint. She was veiled. Flint's narrow face was taut and ashen. Beyond Julia sat a slim dark-faced man in uniform whom Henderson recognized as Flint's chauffeur, Grey. At the other side of an open space, Henderson saw Lynch Rains between two lawyers. The labor leader's square, black-browed face was impassive.

The preliminary formalities were brief. The first witness examined was a veterinary, whose name Henderson did not hear. Punctilious, perspiring, the veterinary told how he had been on his way along the lane about three o'clock that morning and discovered Norton's body. No, he had not lingered beyond that hasty examination, but had sped to the nearest police booth to give the alarm.

The two officers of the radio car who had responded were next questioned. The jack handle which had been used to crush Norton's skull was produced and identified by one of the officers. They were excused.

Flint was questioned. He told in a low tense voice how he and his guests had sat conversing on the terrace, of the telephone call which Henderson had answered, of how he had retired with a headache and been awakened shortly before four by his chauffeur who told of Norton's death.

Henderson heard his own name. He stood up, told what Norton had said over the phone to him, verified what Flint had already recounted.

Lynch Rains' name was called. He rose, his square face unmoving, his deep voice steady. "Here."

"Mr. Rains, it is reported that you were riding out from the city with Mr. Norton."

"I was."

The room was suddenly breathless, parching heat forgotten. This forthright answer threw the dapper questioner out of his stride. He removed his glasses, wiped them, clamped them again on his short nose. Lynch Rains waited calmly.

"Well, Mr. Rains, will you tell us just exactly what happened?"

"I rode with Mr. Norton as far as——"

"Where did you meet him?"

"On the corner of Fifty-third Street and Lexington Avenue."

"By prearrangement?"

"Accidentally."

Again the hush was palpitant.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I was crossing Lexington. I heard my name called. Mr. Norton motioned to me. He was waiting for the traffic light to change. I stepped over to his car. We talked for a moment, and he asked me to ride out to the country with him."

"You talked for a moment?"

"Yes."

"What about?"

Rains looked at him steadily. "Of what importance is that?"

The questioner took a step toward Rains, removed his glasses, and gestured with them. "Could it have been about the remarks you made in your radio speech last night?"

"It could have been," Rains answered calmly.

"Ah." The glasses went back into place. "Now you say that Mr. Norton requested you to accompany him to his home?"

"He did."

"*Why?*" It was an explosion.

The room stirred.

"To talk," Rains answered.

"And you—did talk?"

"As far as Kew Gardens, yes."

"Ah. And what happened in Kew Gardens?"

"I got out of his car and went back to the city by subway."

A fourth time tension crackled among the spectators.

"Perhaps you and Mr. Norton quarreled before——?"

The lawyer at Rains' right leaped to his feet. "This is an inquest, not a grand jury," he said sharply.

After a moment's whispered consultation with his colleagues about the table, the interrogator allowed Rains to sit down.

A slack-jawed change-maker from the Union Turnpike station in Kew Gardens told of seeing Rains enter the subway turnstile at approximately one o'clock the morning before.

"Mrs. Norton." The inquisitorial voice was soft.

Julia raised her hand.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Norton, but you understand how important it is that we——"

"I understand," in a low tone.

"Will you tell us all that you can, Mrs. Norton, please?" (*continued on page* 42)

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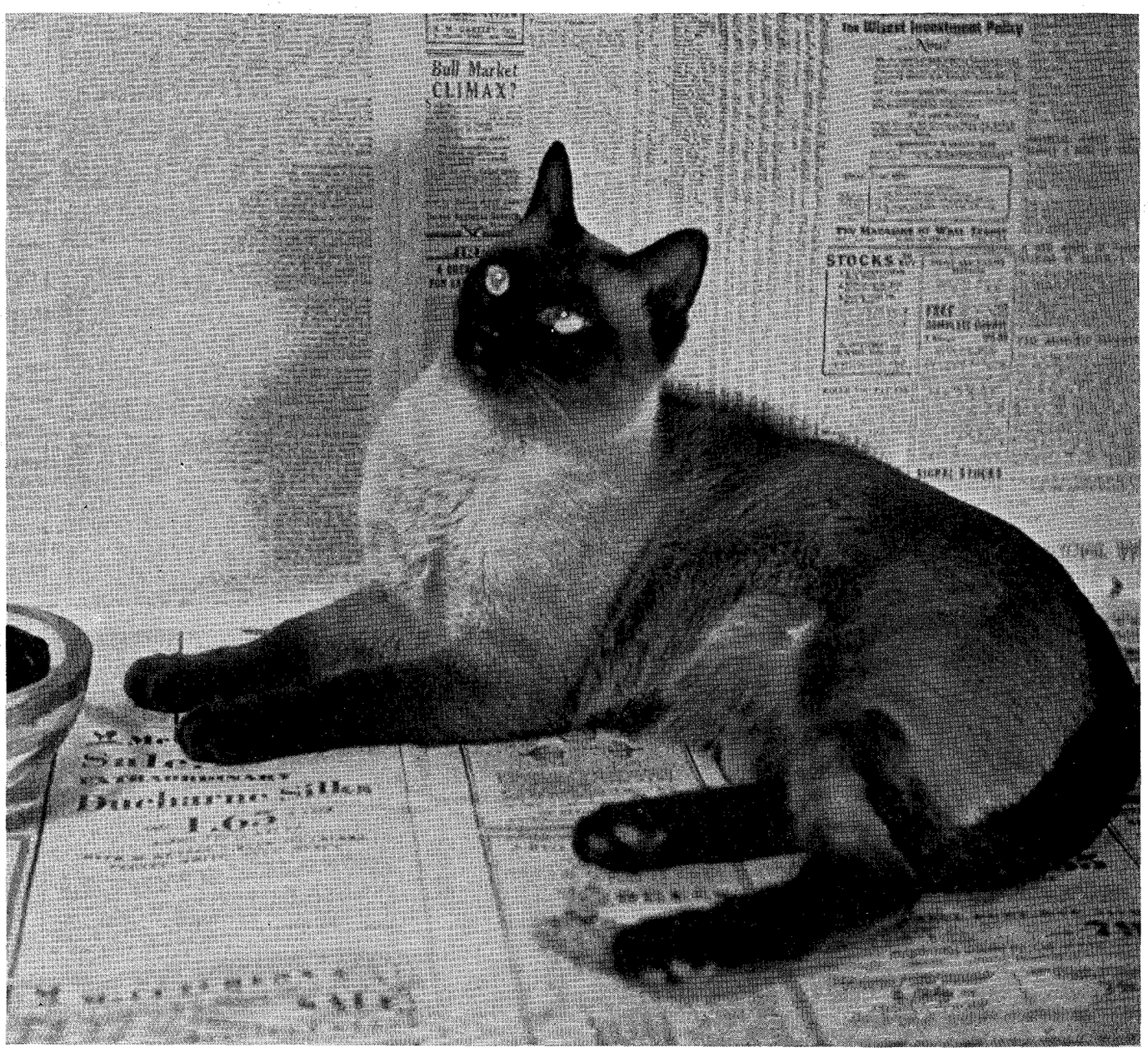
LIFE IN THE U.S...*Photographic*

With this issue this section rounds out its first half-year. We have presented forty-seven pages of photographs and we are encouraged in our initial hope of developing the finest collection of contemporary photography to be published in any form. We are publishing the work of both amateurs and professionals—pictures intended to be of interest to the general reader and of particular interest to photographers. Our only editorial requirement is that the photographs picture life in the United States. For technical facts about the following photographs see page 56.



MINGO by Thurman Rotan

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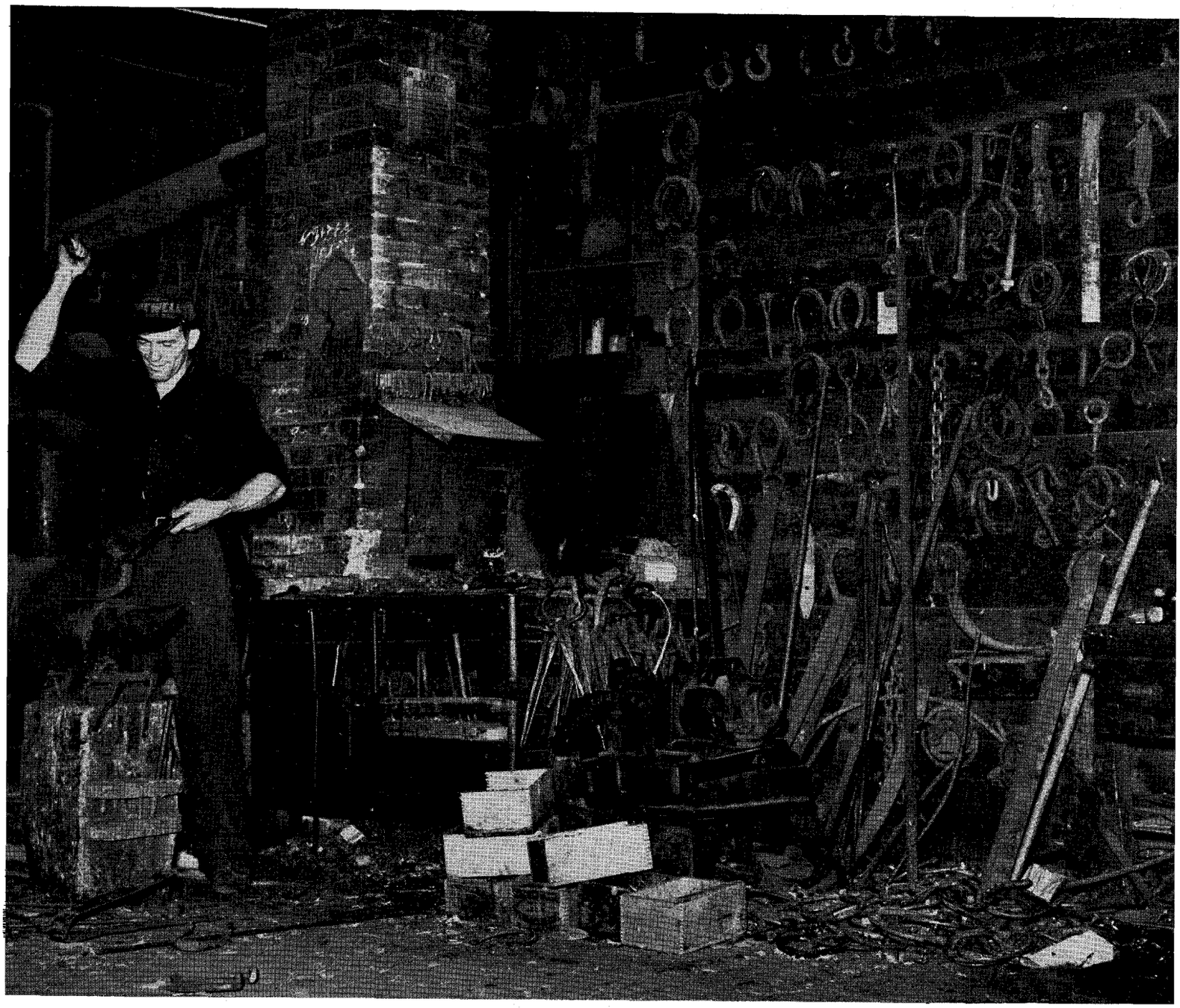

VERMONT by Arthur Rothstein

FARM SECURITY ADMINISTRATION

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VIVIAN by Phil Gottheil

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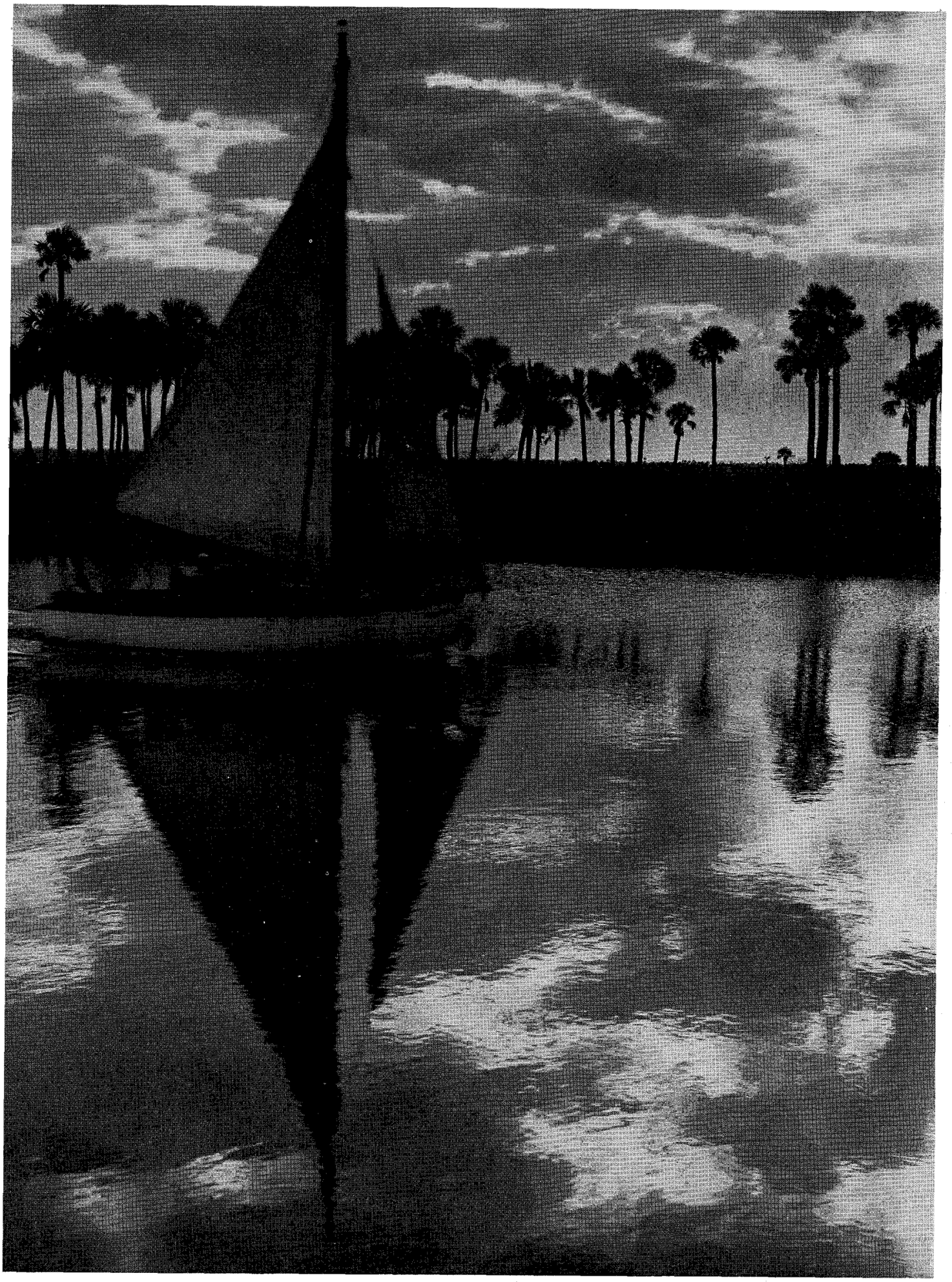

ON THE TOMOKA by John Kabel

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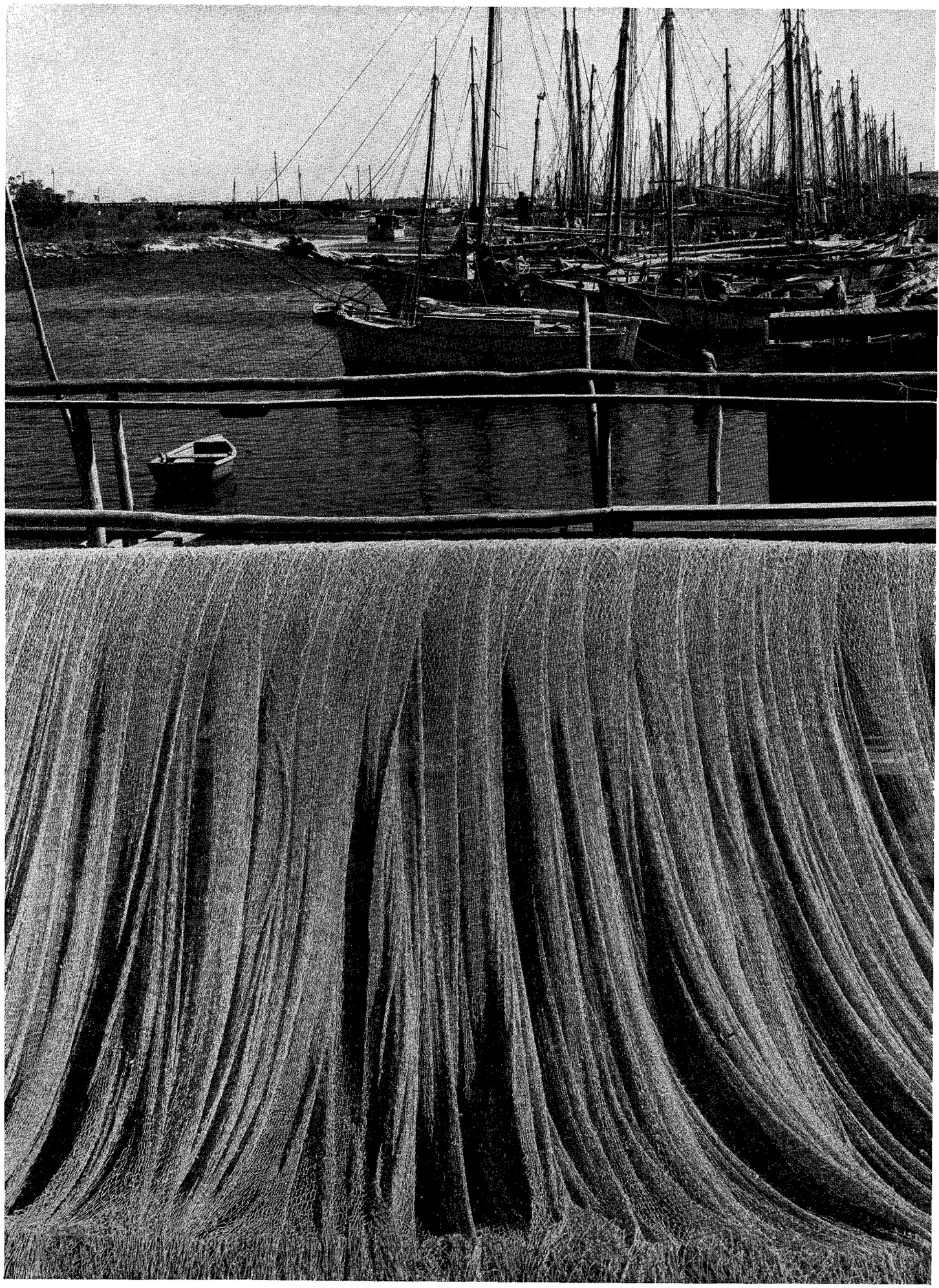

SPONGE FLEET by John Kabel

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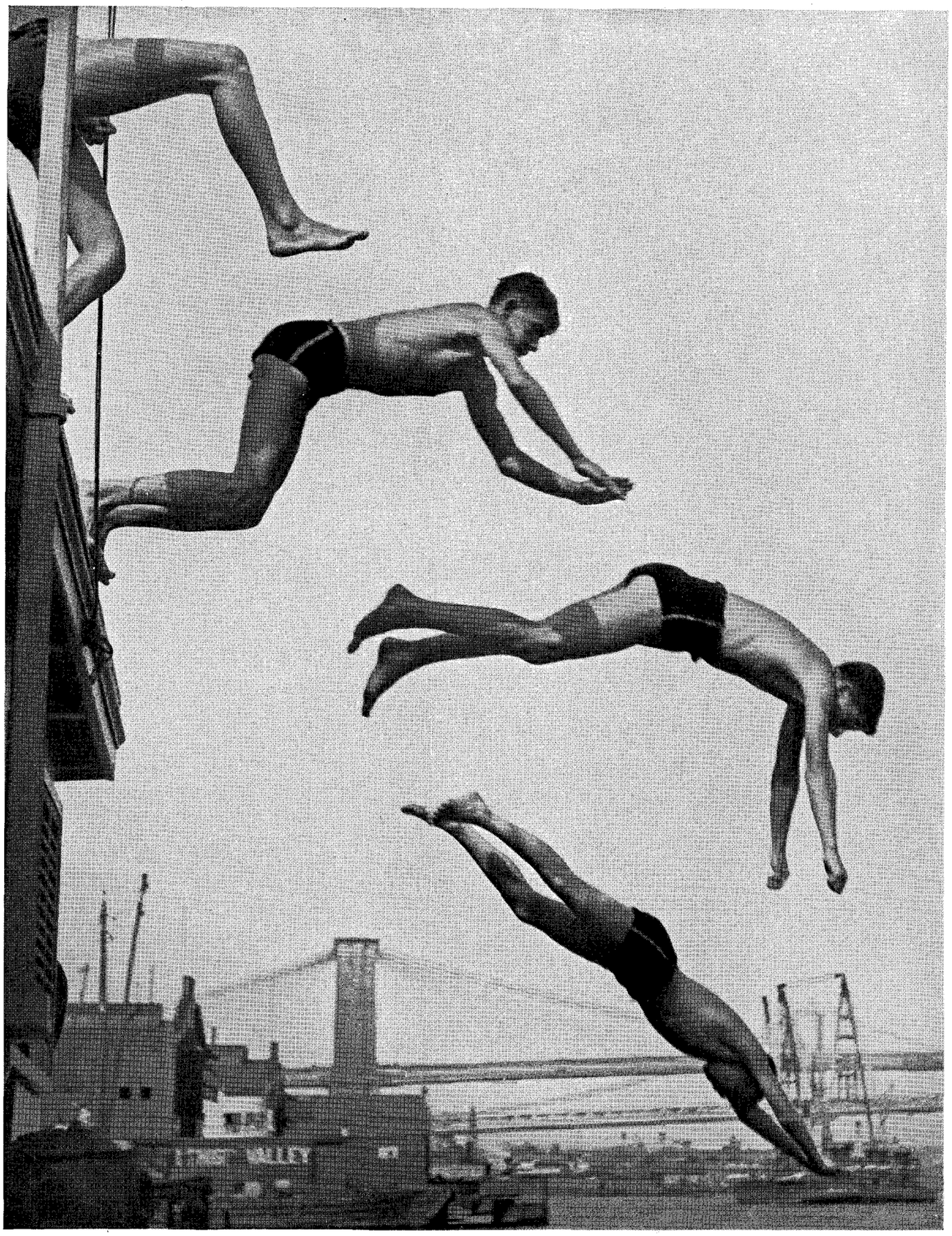

NEW YORKERS by Bob Leavitt

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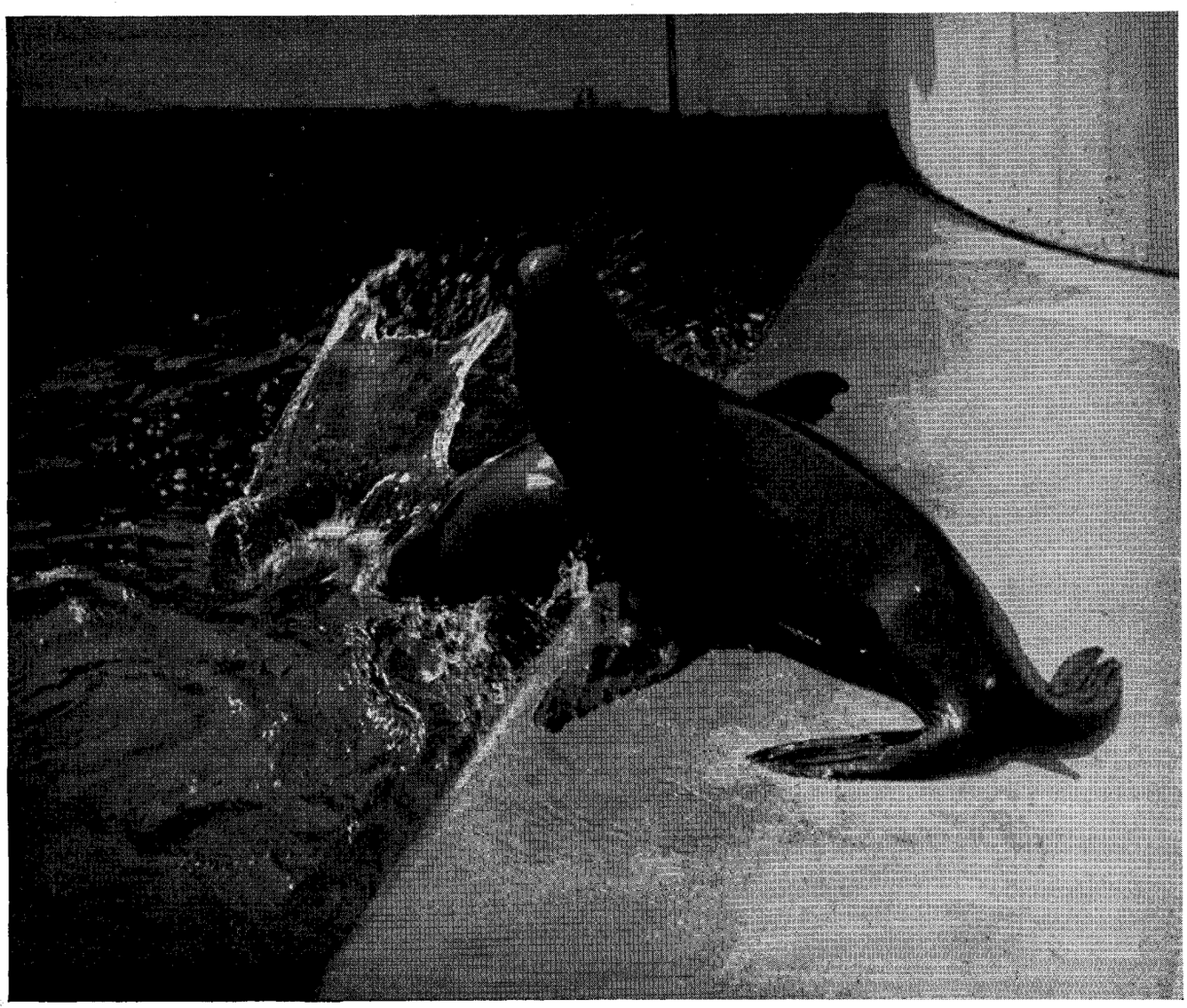

TAG by William Ward

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The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

MANY readers have asked us just what the normal S.Q. (*Scribner's Quotient*) is. To tell the truth, we don't know. But to determine a fair specimen score, we asked four of the writers whose work is appearing in this issue to act as guinea pigs. Their average score was 82.5.

To determine your own S.Q. read each question and the answers following, then check the answer which you think is correct. After you have completed all fifty questions, look up the correct answers. Deduct two points for each error. (15 questions missed means 30 points deducted from 100, or a score of 70, which is passing.) (*Answers on page* 57)

1. Much newspaper space has been given William Randolph Hearst because of his recent decision to:

(1) sell his newspapers and retire
(2) sell his $15,000,000 art collection
(3) set up the world's largest radio chain
(4) dig a moat around his California castle

2. Our good neighbor, Canada, has a number of large cities, largest of which is:

(1) Vancouver (2) Ottawa (3) Montreal
(4) Toronto (5) Quebec (6) Winnipeg

3. Most women of today indulge in labial decoration, a formal way of saying that:

(1) they wear jewelry of some sort
(2) they use lipstick (3) they use rouge
(4) they curl or cut their hair in some way

4. "Where do peanuts come from, Grandma?" asked the boy. Grandma correctly replied:

(1) "From sidewalk stands with whistles"
(2) "From low trees with very small leaves"
(3) "From vines which grow very high"
(4) "From vines which push their pods under the ground to ripen"

5. If you're shaky in history then perhaps you'd better not try to select the year in which *The Star Spangled Banner* was made our national anthem:

(1) 1776 (2) 1812 (3) 1931
(4) 1864 (5) 1796 (6) 1917

6. The recent book *Action at Aquila* was written by the author of:

(1) Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
(2) State Fair (3) Green Pastures
(4) South Wind (5) Anthony Adverse

7. Every May 1st is "Lei Day" in the Hawaiian Islands, a holiday honoring:

(1) the Spaniard who discovered the islands
(2) the spirit of friendliness
(3) those killed by the earthquake of 1886
(4) the tree symbolizing Peace and Love

8. You've had many a Lincoln penny in your hands, but probably didn't know that the obverse side of the coin was the side with:

(1) the bust of Lincoln on it
(2) the inscription "United States of America"
(3) the date (4) the inscription "One Cent"

9. If you were a native Brazilian the chances are that you would speak:

(1) Spanish (2) Latin (3) German
(4) English (5) Portuguese (6) French

10. This year has seen the publishing of a best-selling book called *Hell on Ice,* which tells the story of:

(1) Sonja Henie's life as a figure-skater
(2) Byrd's South Pole expedition
(3) A North Pole expedition in 1879
(4) The perfecting of mechanical freezing

11. Without too much wrinkling of the forehead you should be able to pick out the name of the recently appointed U. S. Solicitor General:

(1) Thurman Wesley Arnold
(2) Adolph A. Berle (3) Robert H. Jackson
(4) David Lilienthal (5) Mae West
(6) Arthur Ernest Morgan

12. To Southern Californians an *arroyo* is no novelty; it's their name for:

(1) a small, usually dry, stream bed
(2) a car accident resulting from drinking
(3) a peppery vegetable used for seasoning
(4) a very severe and sudden cloudburst

13. If you possessed a .45 revolver the ".45" would refer to:

(1) length of the bullet used
(2) the diameter of the bore of the barrel
(3) the foot-second penetrating power

14. Frankly, now, did you realize that there are approximately the same number of people in Norway as there are in:

(1) New York City (2) Los Angeles
(3) Chicago (4) Paris (5) New York State

15. Still listed among the top leaders in the 15-minute program class, Amos 'n Andy recently celebrated their ..... anniversary on the radio:

(1) 15th (2) 12th (3) 10th (4) 8th

16. For many years to come the name of Glenn Cunningham will be automatically associated in sportsmen's minds with:

(1) the 100-yard dash (2) the shot put
(3) the 220-yard high hurdles
(4) the mile run (5) the broad jump

17. Somehow we got mixed up and gave the wrong initials to one of these well-known American companies:

(1) U. S. Steel
(2) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
(3) W. K. Kellogg (4) N. W. Ayer & Son
(5) L. C. Smith-Corona Co.
(6) G. E. Goodrich Co.

18. When you say a man is didactic you mean he is:

(1) stubborn or obstinate (2) repetitious
(3) a natural speech-maker (4) instructive
(5) deceptive (6) smooth-tongued

19. The potato is a plant originally native to:

(1) Ireland (2) South America (3) England
(4) North America (5) Germany

20. Most of the noise of a modern transport plane is made by:

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(1) passengers moaning for paper bags
(2) the propellers (3) the engines
(4) the wind flowing past the wings

21. The right to vote for the President of the United States is granted you by:

(1) the State you live in
(2) the Constitution of the United States
(3) the Declaration of Independence
(4) the U. S. House of Representatives

22. Hans Holbein the younger, famous for his portraits of those unlucky wives of Henry VIII, was a native of:

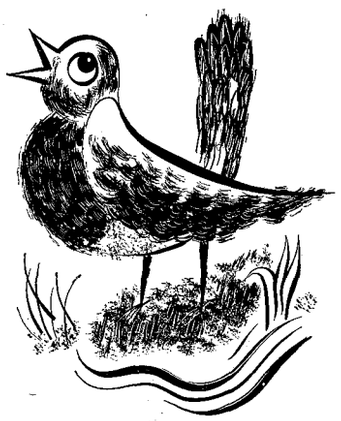
(1) Flanders (2) Holland (3) France
(4) England (5) Germany (6) Italy

23. If you owned a house and lot and a meteorite fell in your backyard, the meteorite would belong to:

(1) you
(2) the Associated Astronomers of the U. S.
(3) the State (4) the U. S. Government

24. It is claimed by authorities that ..... is the most popular beverage in the world:

(1) beer (2) coffee (3) wine (4) tea
(5) whiskey (6) castor oil (7) milk



25. Most birds throw back their heads when drinking in order to:

(1) keep watch for their natural enemies
(2) swallow the water (3) give thanks to God
(4) keep the water out of nasal passages

26. The savage and deformed character, Caliban, appears in the Shakespearean play:

(1) Macbeth (2) Julius Caesar
(3) The Tempest (4) Twelfth Night

27. Every spring the redingote appears in the U. S. and is commonly observed:

(1) on restaurant menus
(2) at dusk in gardens
(3) on women's backs
(4) among tree branches

28. One of these words has been deliberately misspelled:

(1) saccharine (2) harrassing
(3) trafficking (4) naphtha

29. The line "Way down upon the 'Swannee River——" comes from one of these famous American songs:

(1) "Massa's In De Cold Cold Ground"
(2) "Old Black Joe" (3) "Old Folks at Home"
(4) "Old Kentucky Home"
(5) "St. Louis Blues"

30. The Schick Test is the modern way of testing:

(1) the shaving qualities of electric razors
(2) the intelligence of school children
(3) your susceptibility to diphtheria
(4) the speed of your sensory reaction

31. One of these facts concerning the German "absorption" of Austria is true:

(1) The Italian Tyrol was likewise absorbed
(2) Chancellor Schuschnigg remained on top
(3) All Jews were given "protective custody"
(4) Hitler rode into Vienna in person

32. You'd have a bit of difficulty getting one of these fellows to write a hit play for you:

(1) Maxwell Anderson (2) S. N. Behrman
(3) Sidney Howard (4) Richard Whitney

33. The famous 1916 naval Battle of Jutland was fought off the coast of:

(1) France (2) Scotland (3) Denmark
(4) The Netherlands (5) Norway
(6) England

34. That wickerwork basket carried by trout fishermen for the deposit of any fish they catch is called:

(1) an althorn (2) a bascule (3) a dolly
(4) a creel (5) a cornice (6) a castanet

35. The movie industry blames the recession and several other factors for the slump in box-office receipts, but it does not blame:

(1) too many bad pictures
(2) letting radio make stars too "familiar"
(3) the attraction of other entertainment
(4) the fear of war in Europe

36. For civilian use in the next war Britain has been making many gas masks, but one great problem, until recently, has been how to:

(1) get women to use them despite appearance
(2) distribute the masks to everyone
(3) keep the masks from deteriorating
(4) teach everyone how to use the masks

37. If you're familiar with the word proselyte, you'll soon find the sentence here in which it is correctly used:

(1) "The U. S. S. R. tried to proselyte many"
(2) "He'd proselyte to his own mother"
(3) "Sheriffs are forced to proselyte bums"

38. The number of cardinals in the Catholic Church is officially limited to:

(1) 100 (2) 50 (3) 25 (4) 37 (5) 70

39. One of these famous quotations is correctly quoted:

(1) "I would rather be tight than President"
(2) "Nothing recedes like success"
(3) "O liberty, what crimes are admitted in thy name?"
(4) "A public office is a public trust"

40. If you have a yen to visit famed old Morro Castle you'll find it in:

(1) Charleston, S. C. (2) Nassau, Bahamas
(3) Havana, Cuba (4) Kingston, Jamaica
(5) Savannah, Ga. (6) St. Augustine, Fla.

41. In an automobile accident the person who is ..... is likely to suffer lesser injuries than the rest:

(1) asleep (2) awake (3) very sick

42. The sinking of the liner *Titanic* occurred in:

(1) 1915 (2) 1908 (3) 1913 (4) 1912

43. The publishers of the magazine *Esquire* have recently launched a new magazine called:

(1) Hit (2) Miss (3) Halp (4) Tip
(5) Nip (6) Tuck (7) Ken (8) Stuff

44. The faces of all but one of these ex-Presidents will be honored on the 31 new stamps which Postmaster-General Farley has announced:

(1) Woodrow Wilson (2) Calvin Coolidge
(3) Herbert Hoover (4) Theodore Roosevelt
(5) Warren Harding (6) Ulysses S. Grant

45. The national emblem of Scotland is

(1) a whiskey bottle (2) heather (3) tweed
(4) the bluebell (5) the penny (6) the thistle

46. He who suffers from conjunctivitis is the victim of a disease affecting:

(1) his eyelids (2) his stomach (3) his hair
(4) his teeth (5) his grammar (6) his toes

47. "The visible light and heat that are evolved by the action of high temperature on certain bodies" is a formal description of:

(1) an explosion (2) lightning (3) fire
(4) a lighted pipe (5) reaction to hot soup

48. If you should suddenly marry a beautiful Fiji Islands princess and settle down in her home you would be in the:

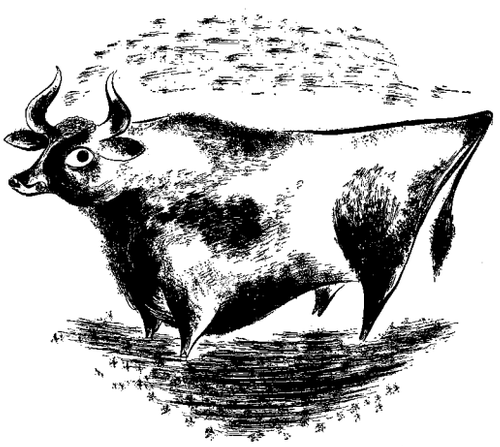
(1) Indian Ocean (2) North Pacific
(3) South Atlantic (4) South Pacific

49. One of these words is commonly used to designate jewelry in which the pattern is raised above the surface:

(1) filigree (2) repoussé (3) intaglio

50. When you buy a flank steak you are getting a cut of meat from:

(1) the thigh (2) the broad part of the back
(3) the shoulder (4) the neck (5) the rump
(6) the fleshy part between ribs and hip



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don herold examines:

offices

It takes a lot of nerve, but I stay in bed every morning until I get some work done. Then I go down to the office and play.

When I say play, I mean dictate letters, answer the telephone, sign checks, hold "conferences," and do those other office chores which most people call work.

There are several reasons why I stick to bed every morning until, pad on my knee, I think I have accomplished something.

One of them is that I am an unusually energetic person, without a lazy bone in my body. I am not lazy enough to spring out of bed in the early hours of the morning, shave and dress in a jiffy, rush to the office, and start the day with the accomplishment of practically nothing. I want to be at what I consider real work at six o'clock or seven or eight, and I want to stay at it and end with it before I have wasted any kilowatts of pep on the useless, unimportant movements of shaving, bathing, and getting downtown, and also before I have distracted myself with the morning paper. Another reason I stay in my bed so long is that bed is the one place in the world where other people will leave a man alone. The English say that a man's home is his castle, and they might add that his bed is his fortress.

I delude myself with the idea that my work is somewhat mental, and it is my

theory that a person can come nearer to being one hundred per cent mental in bed than anywhere else. His galluses don't chafe, his shoes don't hurt, the angle of the chair does not annoy him, he does not have to figure what to do with his arms or legs. If he has a brain, he's practically nothing but brain . . . in bed.

It is, furthermore, my theory that an office is one of the most abominable and one of the least efficient inventions of modern man, and that it should be stayed out of as much as possible.

If housewives only knew how most executive husbands fritter away their days at the office, the prevalent feminine awe of "father at the office" would instantly die and become another shattered schoolgirl illusion. Don't ask father about this. He thinks he takes an awful beating at the office. He's active enough, harassed enough—all these things—but it is all eighty per cent waste motion.

The average man senses this only when he takes a trip or a vacation. Most men get more real work done on their trips and vacations than they do all the rest of their year.

Well, I take a trip and a vacation every morning.

I realize that I'm cheating. If all the executives in the world followed my system and abandoned the nine-to-five convention, the business world would probably go completely berserk. It is probably vital to the orderly functioning of business as a whole that there should be an unwritten understanding between businessmen that they should all be at their desks at approximately nine o'clock each morning so they can start in promptly to bother each other.

Take the morning mail.

The first mistake most businessmen make every morning is to look, first thing, at their morning mail.

This is nothing whatever but sheer boyish curiosity, mixed with a certain amount of laziness.

A man who attends to his morning mail first thing in the morning is letting other people decide how he is to start and spend his day.

"But I must see what my customers or clients want," says the average businessman.

If your customers or clients know what is good for them, they want you home in bed working for them instead of down at the office playing with your morning mail.

In addition to the above reasons I've given for staying in bed each morning, it's fun.

Furthermore, I'm getting paid for this idea by the Associated Mattress Manufacturers of America. If they can get everybody to spend twenty-five per cent more time in bed, it will eventually boost mattress sales twenty-five per cent.

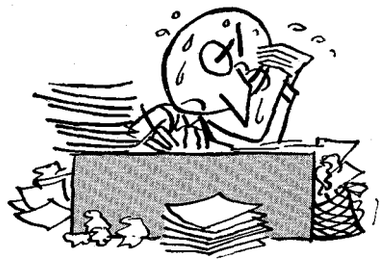
. . . and income tax

I am meticulously honest in making out my income-tax returns and in paying my income tax, although I am far from convinced that I get anything like my money's worth.

The probability is that I get about fifteen cents on the dollar in value received.

Most of us, even in America, get far more government than we have any real need for. I, for instance, wouldn't give two dollars a year for Roosevelt on his current performances, and I certainly could get along with about five dollars' worth of Congress.

About the best things that we get for our tax money are roads and schools, and the roads are supposed to be paid for largely out of gasoline tax, and I pay plenty of tuition to two private



schools for my two daughters, so the school part of my tax is just so much money on the floor.

A lot of my tax money goes for wars, past and future, and I'm satisfied that ninety per cent of war is just schoolboy nonsense, perpetrated by politicians whose motives are about as high as a Scottie's abdomen. Even the most patriotic Americans now concede that we simply went on a sentimental jag in the World War and got about a dime's worth of good for every dollar we spent.

I suppose that a large part of my income tax goes for relief. Well, I am for that to some extent, but I would much rather pay that part of my tax under the frank name of charity to some non-political organization, some sort of super Red Cross, than to put it into the hands of Jim Farley and other politicians to spend for relief-where-it-will-get-the-most-votes.

I don't know why I'm spineless enough to go on paying income tax.

That money would buy an awful lot of golf balls and chocolate sodas.

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THE first signs of "getting stout" are Nature's warning to check on your habits of diet and exercise. But your scales cannot tell you what you should weigh. To check your weight intelligently, you will be aided by the helpful information in the Metropolitan booklet "Overweight and Underweight."

If you are over thirty, a weight 10 to 20 pounds below the average is desirable. Excess fat is often associated with heart disease, diabetes, kidney trouble and high blood pressure. Furthermore, fat may be a handicap in surgical operations and in certain acute diseases, especially pneumonia. As a rule, fat people do not live as long as those of normal weight.

Under thirty, it is better to weigh 5 to 10 pounds more than the average. Extreme slenderness in young persons may endanger health. A few extra pounds help in early life to protect against tuberculosis.

What can you do about overweight? Fortunately, in almost every case it can be brought safely under control by exercise and by cutting down on fattening foods. But before making drastic efforts to reduce your weight, it is important to have a physician examine you.

He will tell you what your weight should be, help you plan a diet, and advise how to effect a moderate, steady loss of weight. This is a far wiser course than quick reducing methods.

When reducing you don't need to starve or suffer distress. You can eat three adequate meals a day and still lose weight.

Send for the Metropolitan booklet "Overweight and Underweight" which has many suggestions for reducing sanely and safely, subject to your doctor's approval. Your copy will be mailed, free, on request. Address Booklet Department 638-S.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* • ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. • LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

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Murder Is a Fact

(*continued from page* 30)

"After Mr. Henderson and Miss Leeds left," Julia said steadily, "I sent for a nurse from New York. I was afraid Mr. Flint might be really ill. Then I asked Grey, his chauffeur, to wait with me until the nurse arrived. I was—uneasy, for some reason I could not explain. Grey and I talked about England as we sat on the terrace waiting. We spoke of people he had worked for in England, some of whom I knew. Once I went up and listened at Mr. Flint's door. He was sleeping. The police arrived just as I came downstairs."

"Thank you, Mrs. Norton. We appreciate your——"

"There is something else," Julia said steadily.

The room quickened.

"Yes?"

"About midnight as I was going over to Mr. Flint's to meet Miss Leeds and Mr. Henderson, I encountered a prowler in our garage. I drove him out and he ran away."

"Could you describe this man, Mrs. Norton?"

Julia hesitated. "I think so."

"Will you, please?"

"He was tall. He wore a loose, gray coat and a soft hat. He had a jutting chin and very bushy eyebrows. That is all I can remember."

Henderson heard Clark Malory gasp beside him.

"That is a great deal, Mrs. Norton. You were very observant in a crisis. Is there anything else?"

Julia shook her veiled head.

Two hours after the interrogation began, reporters rushed out of the building to call their papers and announce that Norton had been murdered by person or persons unknown.

Henderson and Clark Malory waited by the door for Flint and Julia.

"Did you hear what she said?" the youth demanded.

Henderson nodded.

"The man was Danisher."

"You think so?"

"My God, I know it was! He threatened Norton yesterday evening in the office. I heard him. Flint *is* in danger."

Julia and Flint came through the doorway. Seeing Henderson, she took his arm. "Thanks, Baird," she said softly, "for being here."

Henderson wondered what prompted her ambiguous gratitude. His curiosity was brief, for at that instant Lynch Rains emerged. The chunky labor leader would have passed Flint without a sign had not Flint put out his hand.

Rains stopped, looked squarely at Flint.

Flint said steadily, "I am quite satisfied, Rains," as reporters crowded up and cameras clicked. Flint's outstretched hand was imperious.

Rains took it. He said, "Thanks," gruffly, and walked on.

Henderson watched Rains go. He thought, "How easy it would be to jockey that man into the shadow of the gallows," and an obscure prescience turned within him as he walked with Julia, Flint, and Clark to where Grey waited beside a curtained limousine, beyond which a gaping crowd stood.

"Are you going to tell them," Clark demanded in a low hoarse voice, "or do I have to?"

"Julia," Henderson asked, "where will you be for the next two hours?"

"At home, Baird."

"Will you let me talk to you if I come there?"

Henderson caught Flint's sharp glance.

Julia said, "Of course, Baird."

Clark's eyes were on Flint. "May I come with you and Mrs. Norton?" he asked intensely.

Flint nodded and stepped into the limousine after Julia. The boy followed.

Henderson drove rapidly back to the city, went to the office, and hurried down a corridor to *Fact's* library and reference room. The attendant found what he wanted at once, and five minutes later he was on his way back to Long Island.

Julia, pale, red-eyed, but composed, recognized the photograph at once.

"But, Baird," she asked, "who is it?"

Clark Malory, his youthful eyes flaming, his scornful mouth unsteady, burst out, *"Danisher.* He'll be after *you* next, Mr. Flint. He's a madman. He——"

"Danisher, of course," Flint said sharply. "He was in yesterday afternoon. He'll be picked up immediately."

But Danisher was not picked up immediately. To the chagrin of a score of police agencies and a detective bureau which Flint engaged the next morning, Danisher was not picked up at all. Sometime between midnight and morning he had vanished.

X

Clark Malory elected to stay with Flint when the three of them left, and Henderson, to his relief, found himself without a passenger. He drove out of the Norton grounds, and was on the point of turning to the right when an errant impulse made him spin the wheel and cut sharply into the road in the opposite direction.

A short distance away a police car was drawn up at the entrance to the lane in which Norton had been found dead. Henderson stopped, then walked over to the police car in which a sergeant was sitting. He talked with the sergeant for a time, established his identity, and received permission to drive down the lane.

It was not difficult to find the spot. Distastefully he stopped a short distance away and got out. The August sun was a red ball low in the west, and in the coolness of the trees by a rail fence a cloud of gnats pulsated. The dust odor of clover drifted down from the meadow. A quail broke from cover, looked at Henderson, and scuttled across the lane to a thicket.

Henderson walked about where other searchers had milled. There was nothing but the dusty beaten grass. He had expected no more, and was not disappointed. But a seedling of futility made itself felt as he returned at last to his car.

He did not get into the car. His eyes were caught by the glint of metal in the grass across the lane. He went around the car, and when he came to the spot where the metal glinted he knelt. A narrow band of chromium, brightly polished, lay six inches from a stump on which a stub projected the length of a man's finger. One side of the stub was freshly scraped.

Henderson picked up the bright band. It was less than six inches long, pointed at one end, and had been folded longitudinally so that the two edges matched; opened out flat it would be slightly more than half an inch wide. Henderson glanced up. He was a dozen yards from the spot where Norton's car had stood on the opposite side of the lane.

He saw the police car turn into the lane, and rose, slipping the narrow strip of metal into a pocket of Flint's roadster as he got in and started the motor.

When he reached New York and turned from the bridge into Second Avenue, a truck driver, hurtling out of his lane into an opening, misjudged the angle and wedged with a crash of crumpling metal between the La Salle and an elevated pillar. Henderson felt the wheel leap in his hand, and when he got out to investigate saw that the car's running gear was hopelessly bent, the right front wheel toeing in drunk-

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enly. There was nothing to do but wait for a wrecker.

Because his nerves were already worn raw by what had happened that day, the thought of waiting there in the broiling traffic was intolerable to him. So, after identifying himself with the traffic officer on duty and explaining that imperative business called him, he left the La Salle in the policeman's charge and went on.

Thus it was that in the stress of the moment he forgot about his find on the roadside.

When the roadster had been reconditioned, Grey drove it back to Flint's garage, and thought of the narrow chromium band in its pocket slipped yet farther back in the dimness of Henderson's consciousness where it was rapidly buried under an accumulation of other more pressing problems.

XI

Midway through a forenoon three weeks after Norton's funeral, while he was talking to Finley Allen, *Fact's* corpulent literary editor, Henderson's phone rang. Intent on something Allen had just said, he answered it absently.

His brows rose. "Of course. Put her on." To Allen, "It's Julia Norton."

"Hello, Julia," he said into the phone. "Of course. . . . Certainly, I understand. . . . Between four and five this afternoon? Fine. . . . Not at all. . . . Goodbye."

"I'd go with you," Allen said mildly, "only my chastity belt's at the armorer's."

"She wants me to clean Phil's desk out. She hates to ask Hugh to do it."

"I'll bet she does. Well, happy hunting."

Norton's desk yielded little but professional matter. When Henderson had finished, there were, to take to Julia, only a few personal letters, a gold deskset, Norton's clock, a gold-framed picture of his wife, and a letter tray of odds and ends.

It was nearly five-thirty by the time Henderson was speeding along Northern Parkway toward Oyster Bay. The early evening air was cool and he found himself responding to the quickened colors and scents with a lively pleasure. Even the thought of talking with Julia, which had been irritating that morning, lost its asperity. Henderson had not seen her since Norton's funeral.

He was admitted to the house by a maid he did not recognize and asked to wait in the drawing room. An ormolu clock on the mantel ticked through nearly ten minutes before Julia entered.

"Awfully good of you to do this for me, Baird," she said in a low, carefully controlled voice.

"I was glad to, Julia. There wasn't much except business correspondence."

She crossed to draw the curtains, looked out, and said in surprise, "You've a new car, Baird."

"Like it?"

"A Cord, of all things." She smiled over her shoulder. "It's rather more sporting than I'd have expected."

"I didn't pick it out. It was young Malory's. He needed some cash and so he sold it to me at a bargain."

She frowned. "Malory?"

"Don't you remember the lad who was here the day—?" He broke off. "Protégé of Hugh's. He went back to college a couple of weeks ago."

She smiled suddenly as she drew the curtains and returned to sit on the couch. "I remember. He was terribly concerned about Hugh that day."

"His claque calls him the Future Editor of *Fact*. He's a humorless young ass who takes that seriously. And since he thinks Hugh's in danger, it follows that his own skin——"

"Do you really think Hugh is in danger?"

"No."

For a moment she stared at him intently. Then, "I'm going away for a time, Baird."

"That's wise."

"This place oppresses me. You can understand that? I had to dismiss all the servants. It was—too much like everything going on unchanged to have the same people around."

Henderson nodded.

"Baird," suddenly, "how is Hugh taking this?"

"You know, Julia."

Her lips compressed. "He's under a terrible strain," she said intensely. "Phil's will left all his stock in Fact, Incorporated, to his mother."

Henderson's surprise showed in his face.

"I'm not complaining," Julia went on. "I've enough to get along. But—well, you know Phil's mother. She's a harridan. If she decides she wants to help Hugh run *Fact* . . ." She shrugged.

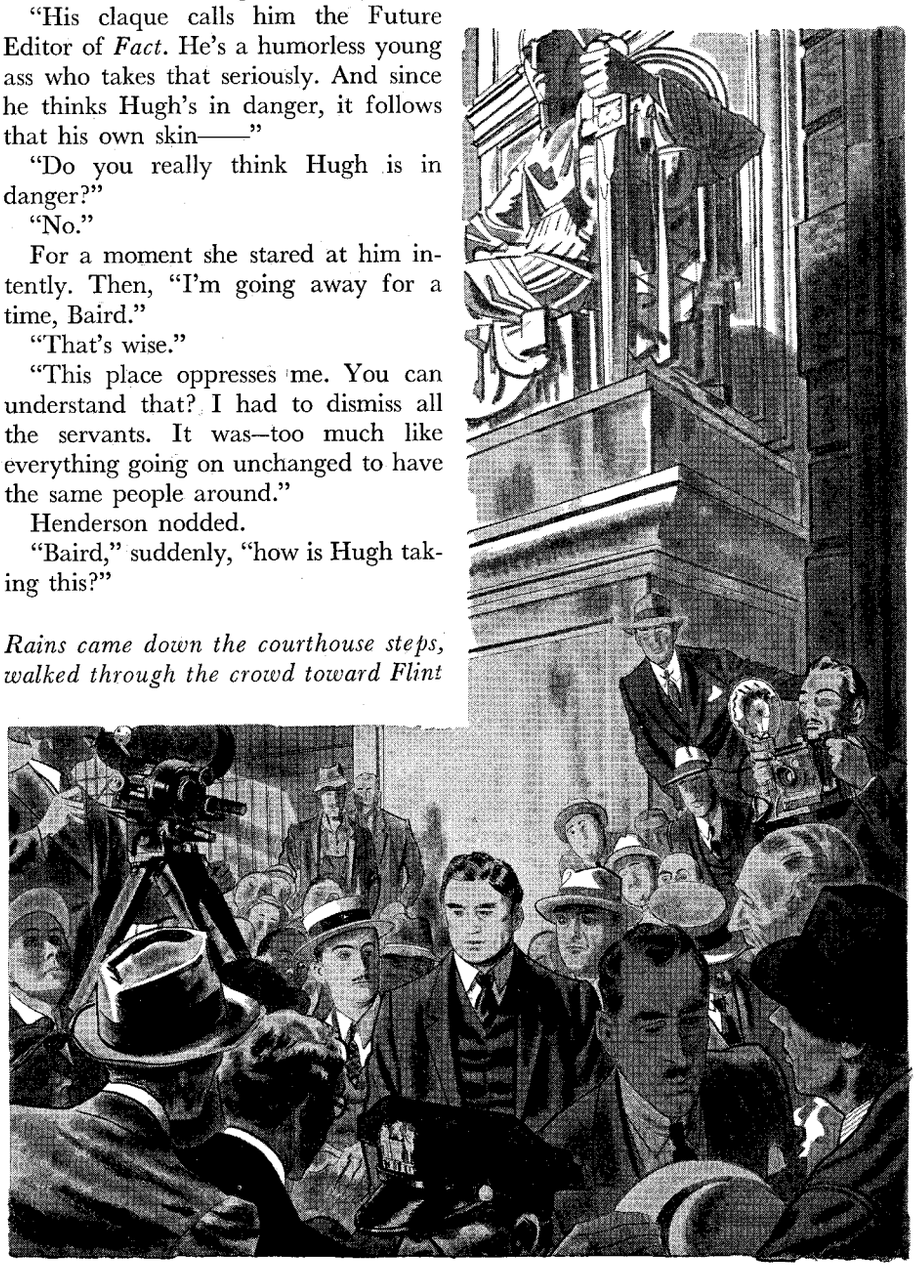
"She probably won't."

"You can't tell." Then she asked, "Do you think that's all that's bothering Hugh?"

Again Henderson was irritated. "I don't know."

She looked at him sharply. "You think I want to marry Hugh, don't you, Baird?"

Henderson matched her glance. "Don't you?"



Rains came down the courthouse steps, walked through the crowd toward Flint

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"And," she went on, her voice a monotone, her eyes unmoving, *"you think I killed Phil, don't you?"*

Henderson's long face stiffened.

Before he could speak, she said, "Don't lie to me, Baird!"

Henderson said, "I think I'd better be going, Julia."

"I shall be gone some time," Julia said in the same monotone, staring at him. "When I come back, I should hate to find that—people had been talking about me."

"Then," Henderson told her, losing his temper for an instant, "perhaps you'd better not come back, Julia!"

The drive back to the city through the violet night did little to calm the turbulence of his spirit. He felt as if he had been through some disgraceful episode which he could have avoided, and this added a note of self-resentment to his objective anger at Julia Norton. He recalled what Monica had said as they drove away from Flint's country house the night of Norton's death, and his anger increased.

XII

THE second one I've received," Flint said irritably, "and the blundering incompetents can't find him yet."

Henderson read the letter: "Dear Flint. If you think our account is settled, you are mistaken. I'll have it out with you yet. Do you understand that? And let me warn you not to ruin any more honest businessmen with your fake exposures. Do you understand that, too? You won't find me until I am ready for you to find me, and then I may have an unpleasant surprise for you. George Danisher."

Henderson asked, "Is this what you wanted to see me about?"

"No, Baird. This came in after I called you." Flint stared at the envelope. He put it in his pocket and sat down. "You've been watching the labor trouble developing in the Mesabi country?"

Henderson nodded.

"It looks as though they'll call a strike," Flint continued rapidly. *"Fact* has a lot of basic investments in metal. It would cost us a great deal if those mines were struck."

Henderson, lighting his pipe, looked over the flame, raised his brows.

"I've sent for Lynch Rains," Flint said. "Rains can stop that strike."

Henderson shook out the match. The corners of his mouth drooped. "Do you think he'll come?"

"He *is* coming. He's due now. I wanted you to be here when I talked to him."

"Why?"

Flint made a nervous gesture, started to speak, checked himself. He came around the desk and stood before Henderson. "I've got to depend on you more and more, Baird, now that Phil is gone." For an instant Flint's voice was unsteady. "We've got a great deal ahead of us. You're the only person I can trust to——"

A buzzer sounded. Flint, as if glad to break off the intimacy into which emotion had betrayed him, stepped back, pressed a key, said, "Yes?"

"Mr. Rains to see you, Mr. Flint."

"Have him come in."

The door opened, and Rains was ushered in.

Flint said, "How do you do, Rains?" The words were quick, nervous.

"Hello, Flint." Rains nodded at Henderson. He sat in the chair which Flint indicated. "What is it this time?" he asked calmly. "Has *Fact* changed its mind again?"

"We're seriously considering it, Rains," Flint answered rapidly. "Right now, of course you understand, there is a great deal of confusion and— I want to talk to you about it very soon." He hesitated. "Frankly, Rains, we want to ask a favor of you."

Rains' square face was impassive. It was an awkward moment. The men with whom Flint commonly dealt observed the rules of a tacitly understood game. Rains gave no indication that he knew of the game.

When Flint spoke again, his tone showed that he was nettled at Rains' unwillingness to accept the formality of a cue. *"Fact* has gone out of its way to defend you recently, Rains."

"Defend me? From what?"

"From the innuendoes every newspaper in the country has been printing."

"Innuendoes don't bother me, Flint. They don't bother my men either."

Henderson could see that Flint's temper was shortening momentarily as he realized he was losing control of the interview.

"It might bother those men a good deal if you were accused of Philip Norton's murder," Flint flashed.

Rains looked at him calmly. "You said you had a favor to ask of me."

Flint's lips tightened. His narrow, sharply angled face flexed. *"Fact* has investments in the Mesabi region, Rains," he said shortly. "We don't want a strike there just now."

Again Rains stared at the nervous editor impassively without reply.

"You can stop that strike," Flint challenged.

Rains still said nothing.

"Will you stop that strike?" Flint asked sharply.

Rains said, "No."

There was an instant of unstable silence. "But you admit that you *could* stop it?"

"I could, yes."

"Proud of that, aren't you, Rains?" Flint's mouth was mocking. "Proud of the whip hand you hold."

"I'm proud of the fact that the men trust me," Rains said evenly. "That was what I was thinking of."

"Trust you to lead them into a strike and on relief?"

"They won't be on relief. They'll win that strike."

"You mean *you'll* win it? And because you think you'll win it, you won't listen to a friendly——"

"I won't sell out the men."

"Look here, Rains," Flint broke in. "For God's sake, let's not beat around the bush with pious slogans. We needn't act like a pair of edgy airedales. You and I ought to understand each other."

(Henderson thought, *He's forgotten me entirely,* and smoked his pipe in silence.)

"All right," Rains said. "We ought to understand each other. Do we? I don't think you understand me, Flint. But I think I understand you."

"What do you mean?"

"You've got the Mussolini complex," Rains answered. "You're a big shot, Flint. You like to see people jump when you bark. Most people do jump. You're too big a shot for most people not to jump around when you bark at them. But you want to be still bigger, don't you?"

Flint reddened. "You talk to *me* about a Mussolini complex?" he demanded.

"Don't you like to talk about it?"

"Coming from you, it's damned amusing."

"Why coming from me?"

"Christ, man," Flint burst out, "there isn't another man in the country who's got a fiercer power complex than you have."

"Now that you've asked your favor, was there anything else?"

But Flint was not to be deflected. "You like to think of yourself as a czar, don't you, Rains? Little father to forty million working men! Moses to the lost tribes! Dictator to the masses! You've all the answers, haven't you? All you need is the chance to ram them down our throats."

"And you *have* the chance to ram——"

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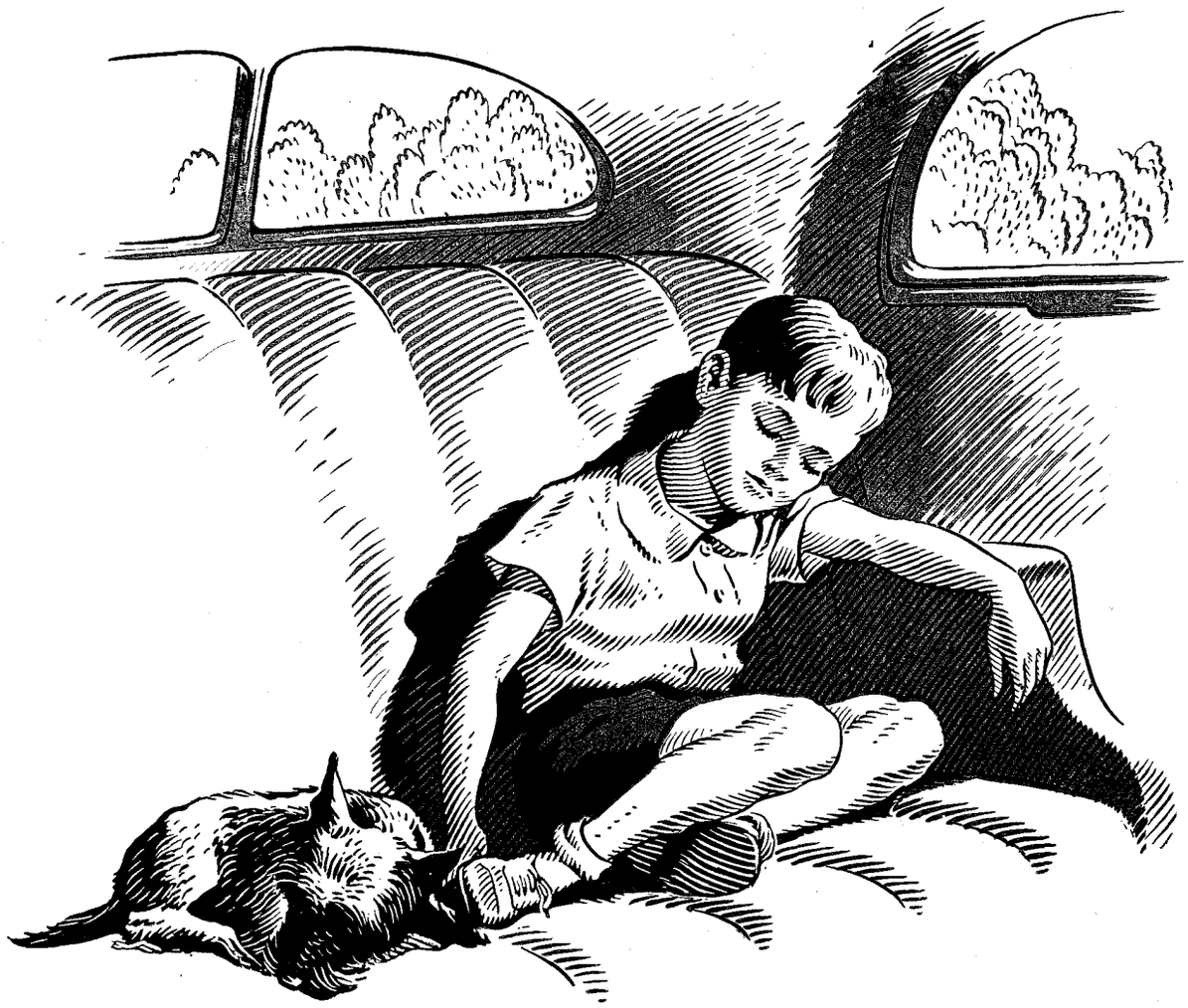

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FOR all that you can see, as you roll along a modern highway, it is concrete alone that provides a flat, even surface for your car to glide over.

It is true that concrete provides the surface, but it is a combination of concrete and steel that holds the smoothness.

Steel bars, slender but strong, provide sinews to take the stresses so that they cannot crack the slab or make it wavy. Due largely to these unobtrusive products of the steel mill that are deeply imbedded in the concrete, a highway retains the smoothness to afford a ride like that of a canoe on a mill pond, despite the incessant pounding of heavy trucks and buses.

Bethlehem has long been one of the country's leading producers of reinforcing and other kinds of steel bars. An important part of this company's recently-completed $90,000,000 expansion program comprises the installation of new facilities for bar manufacture, substantially increasing Bethlehem's capacity to serve highway builders.

Bethlehem makes a complete line of commercial steel products.

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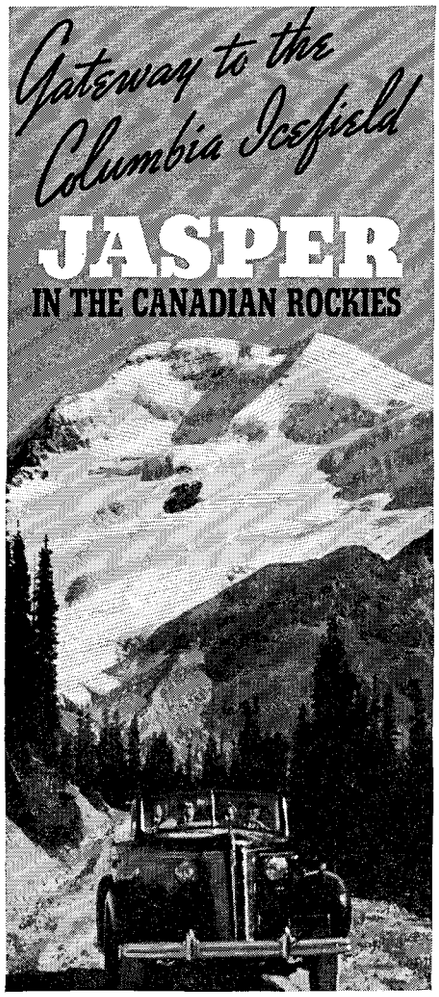

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"What do you mean by that?"

"What is *Fact's* circulation?"

Flint's knuckles on the desk before him whitened. "Did you come here to insult me, Rains?"

"I came because you sent for me—to ask me to do you a favor," Rains said evenly. He studied the angry man across the desk. "Innuendoes still bother *you,* don't they, Flint? When you've been through as many fights as I have, they won't. Only you won't go through as many fights as I have. You won't last that long. You haven't enough to fight *for* to last that long."

Flint's explosive temper ourst. He leaped to his feet. "Get out," he said hoarsely. "Get out!"

Rains was also on his feet. His voice, drowning out the other, boomed suddenly in the closed room. "I'll get out, Flint. When I've told you something, I'll get out. When I've told you what a sham you are, you and your pious *Fact.* Pretending to give people the truth, pretending you're too cold and pure and objective to take sides—and knifing us with every word you print. Poisoning the ink you use."

Rains, staring at the sheet-white editor, stopped suddenly. He turned and went out of the office.

For two full minutes Flint stood leaning on his desk, his brilliant eyes fixed on the door through which Rains had gone. Color slowly seeped back into his ashen face.

Henderson, watching him intently, found his own nerves tingling. A scene flashed into his memory: Flint in college leaning on a desk exactly as he was now doing while a political rival taunted him about a defeat, Flint the next instant springing across the desk, his lean fingers at the other's throat. So vivid was the remembered scene that Henderson half rose from his chair, prepared to restrain Flint.

But Flint sank down and sat for another minute looking at the telephone before he picked it up. He said, "Henderson," into the phone in a tight voice, and replaced the phone with a hand that shook.

Henderson, from his chair, said, "At your service."

XIII

A WEEK after Flint's interview with Lynch Rains, *Fact* carried a boxed full-page editorial. Flint himself had written it.

"Why was Philip Norton slain?

"No motive was theft, for a fold containing two hundred dollars in currency remained in his pocket.

"Exhaustive search by score of impartial agencies fails to disclose one personal enmity capable of explaining the obvious passion that impelled the murderer.

"That a simple maniac struck Norton down as he knelt changing a tire is scouted by all competent psychopathologists.

"A final possibility remains.

"Philip Norton was killed by an agency which disapproves of the fearless liberalism of *Fact.*

"Philip Norton was killed by an agency whose way of settling differences is the way of the knout, the firing squad.

"Philip Norton was killed by an agency which would substitute for the objective, dispassionate interpretation of the facts, a ruthless campaign of terror.

"Philip Norton was a martyr to the cause of freedom of the press.

"Philip Norton fell before the ambition of a Democratyrant.

"That possibility remains."

Henderson, at dinner with Monica Leeds, watched her as she read the editorial. He said, *"Democratyrant* was Hugh's word. He's proud of it."

She asked, "What will Flint do for someone to take Norton's place?"

"Perhaps that's what he has in mind for you."

She made an impatient gesture. "He will probably take full control himself and offer to make you editor of *Fact,* Baird. Will you do it?"

"You're setting me a bad example, turning him down." Then, annoyed with himself for his levity, he said, "I think not."

"Why?"

They faced each other, his unspoken reply sharp and clear as if he had uttered it.

"A publishing business," Monica said thoughtfully, "that puts ideas into the heads of five million people is a powerful little gadget to be under the control of one man."

"What could I do? What could I do about *this?"* he demanded, indicating the editorial open before her.

"You could do nothing by running away. As editor you might——"

"Bore from within?" He rubbed his cheek and his eyes glinted humorously at her.

But she refused to be turned. "I overheard some men talking at the Waldorf this noon. They were talking about this article. They took it for granted that Rains killed Norton and that it was only a matter of hours until there would be enough evidence to prove it. They called it terrorism and were quite violent."

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"They'd have been violent, anyway," he objected, "whether Flint wrote that or not."

"Perhaps they would. But there are millions of others, small, bewildered businessmen, housewives, professional people—" She leaned toward him intensely. "Those people read *Fact,* Baird. Their speech is shaped by it, and their speech habits shape their thinking. They're restless and discontented, ready to be organized, fused together by an opportunist who can give them flags to wave, lead them in a crusade. We—you and I—must do everything we can to counteract in some fractional way just that sort of thing."

"But you won't take the job Flint wants to give you?"

She looked at him levelly. "No. I won't."

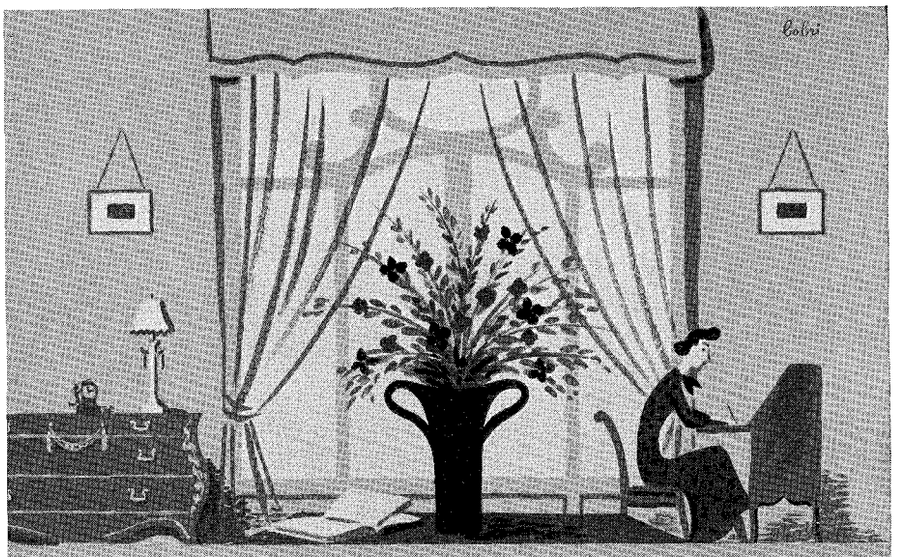
Later, as they drove through Times Square in the leisurely during-theater traffic moving decorously in its broken X under the artificial suns, Henderson sought to maintain himself in its reassuring orderliness as a swimmer, drawn by some irresistible undertow, fights desperately to keep himself within the deceptive smoothness of a surface eddy. But Monica's words kept echoing in his mind, and there came to him, overpoweringly, a feeling of dull futility that often assailed him when he lay awake at night and sensed, beyond the walls of his room, beyond the ramparts of the murmuring city itself, the endless busy maneuverings of the forces of darkness, whose agents were men, bitter men, disillusioned men, men of ambition and cruelty, ceaselessly exploiting the world's travail to enslave other men's minds and souls and crucify their ideals—some on the black crosses and twisted symbols of nationalism, others on minor racks of individual selfishness and malice.

XIV

Henderson awoke the next morning, his pulse racing to the urgency of a deep clear overwhelming conviction.

He was in love with Monica Leeds.

By some undecipherable logic, that fact had sprung luminously clear as they drove away from the crowded city together the night before. It had been like the opening of some exotic flower whose petals, after a long and secret preparation, suddenly snap from one another and unfold a bloom of rare and exquisite beauty. So sudden was this transformation that it had left Henderson hot, abashed, shy as an adolescent. He had thought, *How simple it would be, had we not known each other so long! How simple it would be if there*



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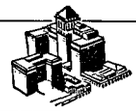

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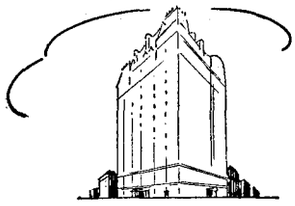

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were not the palpable, impervious past to which this must be carefully fitted! And, suddenly fearful and confused, he had found, as lovers have from time immemorial, that words were barren and empty things. Yet he had only words. . . .

Chagrin and longing warred within him that day until he was desperate. Toward the middle of the afternoon as he was on the point of fleeing his office, the door opened and Flint entered.

The weeks which had passed since Norton's murder had marked Flint's sharp, intense face with new wire-fine lines: of grief, of unflinching determination. In an obscure way these lent something of maturity, a fixedness of reference which might have been lacking before. He was quieter these days, less driven by the restlessness that had characterized his unvarying manner before.

"Baird," Flint said, "I've something I've been wanting to say to you."

Henderson waited, unresponsive.

"I've waited," Flint continued, his voice unnaturally low, the words weighted, "to know just where we stood."

He stopped. Henderson still said nothing.

"I know *now* where we stand," Flint went on, still in the same deliberate tone but with a hint of nascent excitement. "Phil's stock in *Fact,* you know, together with mine constitutes control of the corporation. Phil's stock was left to his mother. I know the terms of his will, and from the moment he died, I've frankly been worried. Mrs. Norton is a strong-willed woman. I didn't know what she might do. But now— I've just come from a conference with her. She has agreed to give me her proxy for the block of stock Phil left her. Do you realize what that means, Baird?"

"The place is yours," Henderson said. There was an edge to the words.

Flint slipped off the desk. He shook his head sharply. "Not that. It means I can go on with what Phil and I had mapped out for Fact, Incorporated. It means I can carry out the plan he and I were just ready to begin on when . . ." Flint's narrow mouth tightened.

"What plan?"

Red gathered in two pools of excitement in Flint's cheeks. Before he answered, he walked to the window where Henderson stood.

"Look, Baird. Look down there."

"Well?"

"One out of every twelve of those people down there buys our magazine. The other eleven . . ."

"The other eleven don't."

"The other eleven," Flint said, ignoring Henderson's comment, "listen to their radios seven days out of every week. And what do they hear?"

His face was flushed now, his eyes brilliant. He stared down as if hypnotized by the slow shallow stream at the bottom of the narrow canyon.

"They hear tripe," Flint said biting the word impatiently. "Bias, distortion, propaganda."

"That," Henderson agreed, "is a rough approximation."

"Listen," Flint said intensely. "Do you realize, Baird, that we could do the same thing for those people in their radios that we've done with print and paper? We've proved it can be done with print," he rushed on. "We've proved they *want* to know the truth, they *want* to know the facts. We gave them reporting without an ax to grind, told them what was happening, refused to hold out on them, to color what we printed." He struck the window sash. "And we made history. Five million circulation, Baird. Five million with one magazine! What does that prove? It proves we can give five million what they want every week of the year."

Flint was suddenly hoarse, his voice rising on the mounting tide of his excitement.

Henderson felt an irresistible flicker of enthusiasm answering the other. He fought this down.

"*Now* we can do something so much bigger. . . . Listen, Baird, here is what Phil and I were planning. We're going through with it. *You and I* are going through with it. We're going to make it a monument to Phil. Listen. We'll make more history, Baird. We'll give fifty million listeners *the world,* Baird. Not five million readers, but fifty million listeners. Not canned in a linotype. Not corroded through some moronic commentator, but fresh, raw—*the world* as it turns. Think of it, Baird. Twenty-four hours of living, vital history every day of the year. Wars, tidal waves, revolutions, exploration at the poles, earthquakes, sports, music in Munich, big-game hunting in Kenya, volcanoes in the Pacific—we'll corner it all—by short wave—a hundred high-powered transmitters through the country, operating twenty-four hours a day, there to be heard whenever you wish. We'll *own* it all. Before the big networks think of it."

"You'll need two hundred million dollars."

"A hundred. We can have it. It's waiting for us."

Henderson struggled against the se-

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ductive influence of the panorama which Flint's words opened mistily out before him. News—the ultimate modern commodity—news not a day old, not an hour old, but news in the immediacy of its living occurrence. . . . To fend off the tantalus force of the conception, he threw himself suddenly into the midst of Fact, Incorporated. He said, "You've tempted fate, Hugh. You've ridden whirlwinds. You've won. All right. But it's not the kind of victory you can hang up on the wall of a trophy room."

Flint put his hand on Henderson's arm. It was an unaccustomed gesture, sprung from some emotional surge which burst through the man's normal physical barriers.

"Not *I*, Baird. Not Phil and me. *All* three of us. *You* and Phil and I, Baird. I realize that. I've been niggardly about realizing it before." His hand fell from Henderson's sleeve, as his voice suddenly jammed and self-consciousness reasserted itself. "I want you to take Phil's place, Baird," he continued after a moment, softly.

A fierce human cupidity, which he instantly loathed, stormed through Henderson. Norton's place—Norton's salary, a share of *Fact's* cascading profits . . .

He did not realize that the silence between them had lengthened.

"Will you, Baird?" Flint's question was almost humble. It occurred to Henderson how elementally lonely the man was, how inept at the experience of human relations his driving self-centerism rendered him. Again, as on that night on the terrace, the errant sense of responsibility for Flint swept him.

"I'm going to Europe in a week or ten days," Flint went on rapidly. "I'll probably be gone three or four months —working on the organization from a dozen different angles. I'll need someone here to look after things. I want to leave you as editor of *Fact*, Baird."

Henderson said, "I'll have to think it over, Hugh."

Flint's mouth twitched in disappointment. "That means you're—against the plan?"

Henderson said, "Yes." He added, "It's too long a shot."

"It's the logical goal of what we've been building up ever since——"

"But not yet."

"Then when?"

"When you've consolidated. We're in a boom, Hugh."

"We didn't need a boom to start *Fact*."

"We didn't," Henderson agreed. "But we've got one now, Hugh, whether we need it or not. Every poor devil in the publishing business is riding it. *Fact* means to go on after it collapses. We would be insane to mortgage the place to bankers, Hugh."

"We've handled bankers," contemptuously.

"Yes, but bankers are going to be harder and harder to handle. Take my word for it, Hugh. *Fact* has been an investment; like an oil well or a railroad or a mine—something to make money out of. But from now on we'd have to be a tool. The most powerful tool in the world. I don't like the idea of being a tool. Anybody's tool. A banker's tool least of all."

Flint's expression suddenly sharpened. He flashed, "You've talked to— You've talked to Monica Leeds."

Puzzled, Henderson shook his head.

Flint temporized with his eyes. He smiled briefly, covering his confusion. "We'll make the salary six hundred a week and a stock adjustment to cover part of it, if you like."

Henderson, his throat suddenly tight, said, "That's tempting, Hugh, but—" His tongue touched his lips. "I'll have to think about it."

XV

After Flint had left him, Henderson stood for a time looking out across the rooftops and spires of the city, vainly trying to quiet his pounding jubilation.

Indecision still held within him, but he found that his mind was clearer. Pointedly he called Monica, felt the tightness close about his throat as he waited, pulse quickening, for her answer, insisted that he must see her at once. "I know you are," he told her confidently, when she objected that she was in the midst of a hundred imperative details. "But you must see me for a few minutes. . . . Yes, something has happened since I left you, something important. I must talk to you, Monica."

For now, suddenly, it did seem important. He did not examine this anomaly, that what had elicited only a casual response when he faced it at first, standing by the window with Flint thirty minutes before, should now have taken on the proportions of passion.

At first when Henderson entered the room where Monica sat, her lithe fingers sorting clippings while she dictated to a secretary at her side, the enthusiasm which had lifted him as he came was threatened for an instant. Here, surrounded by responsibilities in which he had no part, insulated from him by an almost palpable aura of success, of fame, she was a different person, and he was suddenly shyer than he had been as

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they rode together the night before.

He strove to recapture something of the exultant expectancy he had felt, and a measure of it returned to him as he watched her dismiss the secretary.

But instead of saying what was in his heart, he found himself telling her of Flint's offer and his determination to accept it, and he was appalled at the barrenness of what had been bright with meaning a short time before.

"If only you'll come over now, Monica," he ended, his deepset eyes warm and excited, for the eagerness was suddenly flowing full and free again as he saw her smile, "think, darling, what a magnificent time the two of us can have."

"Working for Hugh Flint?"

"Flint can be handled. Flint's not an insuperable obstacle."

Her smile became one-sided. "The very phrase I'd have used to describe him, Baird. An insuperable obstacle to editorial honesty."

He rubbed his cheek and looked at her despairingly. "Does that mean that you won't change your mind, Monica?"

"I won't, Baird."

Unable to sit quietly as a wave of desire washed through him at her casual words, Henderson rose and went to stand by her looking down. She raised her face, the smile still on her lips, the smooth curve of her throat arching.

"Monica," he said, and again, "Monica." His voice was unsteady. "I love you, Monica. I've always hated the idea of your accepting Flint's offer. I mean, it always seemed like a bribe. But this afternoon—this afternoon it was suddenly a glorious prospect." He stopped, miserable at once because he knew what she must be thinking. "I know. I've been a shoddy sort, Monica. I've been jealous of you. A part of me that's selfish and mean has been jealous of your success, of the things you can do, the name you have." Again he broke off as the turbulence of love and remorse and hope and fear jammed in the narrowness of his words and overpowered him. "I love you," he said in a whisper, his hands on her hands, his eyes pleading.

Then he was drawing her up into his arms, and because she did not resist, the room whirled about them.

At last she pushed him away and laughed into his eyes. "You've been a very long time, Baird dear, a very long time. I had begun to be afraid you'd be forever."

"Please, Monica," he said, "won't you change your mind?" Remembering, he continued eagerly, "Flint's going abroad in a week or two for several months. You and I could——"

"Begin to undo what *Fact* may be doing to Lynch Rains?"

He scarcely heard her. "That. A thousand things. Between us, darling."

She laid her hand on his and her mouth was smiling, though there was a curious expression in her gray-green eyes.

"You've got a magnificent enthusiasm, Baird dear, and I suspect you've lousy control of it. I'd much rather go somewhere and have a drink and celebrate than talk about *Fact* just now."

XVI

LYNCH RAINS was indicted exactly one month after Norton's funeral. Over the hot protests of the local prosecutor, he was admitted to bail of $20,000 and released at dusk to walk from the courthouse into a barrage of flashing bulbs and clicking news cameras.

Deliberate, impassive, he strode through the newsmen flanked by his lawyers, frowned at the blinding blooms of the flash bulbs, shook his head at requests of the reporters. A solid chunk of man, impervious, untouched by the confusion of which he was focus.

Henderson, sitting with Flint in Flint's maroon Cadillac opposite the courthouse, looked at the silent man at the wheel.

He saw Flint's fingers tighten on the wheel, saw the muscles at the corner of his mouth twitch. Just before Rains reached the sedan waiting for him, he looked across the street and saw Flint.

Henderson felt the editor stiffen.

Then Rains had broken away from the group surrounding him and was coming across the street. The reporters, alert for drama, recognizing that Rains was making for Flint's car and aware that conflict was in the air, straggled after him, photographers awkwardly changing bulbs and plates as they ran down from the courthouse lawn.

An avid semicircle formed behind Rains as he halted, facing Flint.

"You've got your holy war, haven't you, Flint?" Rains asked. He paused for the space of a knife-thrust. "Don't let your mania for the truth stop you."

Then, pushing aside the newspapermen who would have detained him and prolonged the scene, he went back across the street, got in beside his two lawyers, and was driven away.

(*To be continued*)

[The characters, situations, and names used in this novel are fictional. If an actual name has been used, it is accidental.]

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Books

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

When asked what he thought of socialism, Arthur Brisbane, son of the benign and idealistic Albert, said contemptuously: "I was raised on that stuff." W. L. White, son of William Allen White of Emporia, Kansas, hasn't quite as brutal an attitude toward the Teddy Roosevelt Progressivism of his father, but he does look back on his youth and young manhood in a reformer's household with a quizzically humorous, not to say a clinical, eye. Were it not for the fact that the elder White has his own copious fund of irony and charity, the Junior White's novel, *What People Said* (Viking, $2.75), would probably end in tacit paternal disavowal. For young Bill has spared no one in his anthropological probings: the Progressives of his fictional town of Athena, Oklarada, are often as shortsighted, and sometimes quite as smug, as the Standpatters. True, the sins of the Progressives are mere peccadilloes as compared to the gaudy thefts and bluffs of the old Reactionaries who are out to line their pockets to the theme song of "Everybody's doin' it." But the sins are there. Even that most unselfish of Oklarada's Progressive editors, Charles Aldington Carrough, has a sacred cow or two whose misdemeanors get chronicled on page ten when clear news judgment would put them on page one. However, young Bill White has the true novelist's understanding of motives. He is not out to arraign, or to fight a battle of the generations; he is out to show the altogetherness-of-things in a culture whose good and vicious aspects are shared in differing measure by everyone who lives within it. And he certainly does not spare himself. As Junior Carrough in the story, he is quite willing to play the naïf, to act as one of the well-padded sons of famous or well-to-do families that always get their noses wiped clean of dirt when they have fallen down.

What People Said is the story of the end of an era, a projection of the Progressive way of life into a period when declining opportunity is mocking the hopes of prewar liberals for bigger and better and saner things for everybody. As the editor of the *Athena Sun,* Charles Aldington Carrough has always stood as a symbol of what a true democrat should be. But while the spaciousness of other times is echoing through his editorials, the state of Oklarada is filling up. The result is the stratification of groups and classes that has always mocked the reforming mind. Junior Carrough has the job of reconciling what he hears at home with what he sees abroad. A sensitive person, it pains him to learn at Oklarada University and at Oxford that some people just don't like the Charles Aldington Carroughs of this world. Knowledge that some families prefer bridge and the country club and drink and sharp business deals to Charles Aldington Carrough's Red-seal phonograph records and books and teetotalism is something that boys of Junior's stripe have a hard time ingesting. But when they do finally discover the folkways of the non-reforming three-fourths of mankind, they become good anthropological novelists.

One-half of *What People Said* is devoted to sharp social analysis of a small Midwestern community. Junior sits in at the luncheons of the Merchants Round Table at Tifford's Tea Room and learns what the solid men of affairs think. He goes to the State legislature and discovers that Progressives, too, must play the game of machine politics if they want to get anywhere. He is sympathetic to the troubles of Buck Warn, a good-for-nothing lout on the order of Sinclair Lewis's Shad Ladue. Buck is just worthless human material, the despair of people who like to think everyone deserves a helping hand in bad times. If Mr. White had any idea of writing a tract, he would have kept Buck out of his book. As it is, Buck is an earnest of Mr. White's objectivity, a sound warning that Progressivism can't reform a person's ancestors or legislate inherited characteristics out of the world.

There is more to *What People Said,* however, than a study of small-town manners. After recording the changes of a decade in Athena, Mr. White plunges into the story of how the

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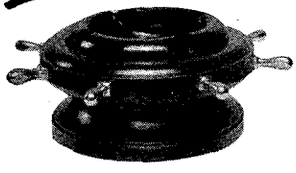

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plunging Norssexes come to grief, and what is interesting about the debacle of the Norssexes is its accompanying clutter of circumstantial detail. Mr. White knows the intricate filaments that bind politics to business, and he knows them from the inside. His book is overwritten in the sense that there are far too many words in its 614 pages. It is underwritten in the sense that action is frequently presented at one remove—as "what people said." Yet Mr. White's ear for spoken rhythms, his vast, flooding knowledge of the conversational minutiæ of life on Main Street, in newspaper offices, and in the cloakrooms of a State capitol, make up for his dramaturgic weaknesses. As a revelation of Main Street life *What People Said* is sufficiently rewarding to enable us to forget that Sinclair Lewis has gone sour. The old king may be dead, but we can now say, "Long live the king."

*

John O'Hara's *Hope of Heaven* (Harcourt, Brace, $2) is just as wonderfully colloquial as Mr. White's *What People Said*. But it is a different sort of colloquialism. Where Mr. White builds up the illusion of speech by writing straight descriptive paragraphs with a sense of spoken rhythm, Mr. O'Hara gives you the speech direct. It is marvelously apt speech, even when it is about nothing at all. Without trying to anatomize society, Mr. O'Hara makes you feel everything that Mr. White puts into explicit narrative.

The more conscience-roweled critics have always deplored Mr. O'Hara's matter, even when they have praised his manner. They have argued, many of them, that such a clear, hard-hitting writer ought to concern himself with larger issues than sex against a country club or a speakeasy background. They have attacked *Hope of Heaven* because it is about sex against a Hollywood background. But Mr. O'Hara's talent is for the spoken word, and he is chained to what he hears going on around him. The world itself must improve before Mr. O'Hara can become more elevated. As a matter of fact the world around Mr. O'Hara is changing—a little. Glib young radicals, and some that are not so glib but more sincere, crop up in the pages of *Hope of Heaven;* Hollywood is becoming a union town. Does this mean that John O'Hara will become a novelist of the new white-collar labor movement? Rumor is that he plans a novel about American Newspaper Guildsman Heywood Broun. Since Heywood rose from the Dizzy Club to become a man of labor parts he should be grist for the O'Hara mill. Meanwhile let us be thankful that John O'Hara does the sort of thing he does as well as he does—which is better than anyone else in America could do it. *Hope of Heaven* is in some respects a trivial story about trivial people. But it has its poignancy and its heartbreak—and the writer who can convey these is not to be dismissed as a tabloid veteran somehow strayed into the fiction mart.

In Short

Fiction

DAUGHTERS AND SONS, by I. Compton-Burnett. Brilliant, ironic, witty novel of an English family written almost entirely in conversation. For the mature reader who knows that prospecting for real gold takes time and energy. Bullion guaranteed in all of author's books. Norton, $2.50.

IN THE FINE SUMMER WEATHER, by Catharine Whitcomb. Time: One July day. Place: New Hampshire. Characters: Three couples, one mistress from Paris, one handsome chauffeur, two rather unconvincing but important children. Mood: Summer. Summer in people's lives, summer nostalgia for lost youth and happiness; mood accentuated by the vital present of childhood and the exciting events that occur during the day and evening. Light but haunting. Random House, $2.

PITY FOR WOMEN, by Henry de Montherlant. French man-women book about a novelist and three women who love him. Analytical Henry de Montherlant laughs at all his characters, seeming most content with the worst that he finds in human nature. Highly provocative. Knopf, $2.50.

Nonfiction

THE GERMAN OCTOPUS, by Henry C. Wolfe. Intelligent survey of problems of Baltic, Balkan, and Central European nations. Doubleday, $2.50.

THE LOST BATTALION, by Thomas M. Johnson and Fletcher Pratt. Complete story of Major Whittlesey's Battalion in the Argonne Forest, 1918. From both German and American sources and survivors. Superior military history. Bobbs-Merrill, $3.

LOOKING BEHIND THE CENSORSHIPS, by Eugene J. Young. Cable editor of the New York *Times* explains actual

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workings of censorship and news selection, with analyses of post-war events and their realistic background. Good reading, many unusual facts, some revealing. Lippincott, $3.

WORLD BRAIN, by H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells believes that man shows continuing eagerness to give the world into whatever hands the economic and political philosophy of the moment dictates. He advocates a World Brain, concretely: a world encyclopedia or encyclopedism. This short book collects his articles and speeches on the subject. Doubleday, $2.50.

BEYOND DARK HILLS, by Jesse Stuart. The author of *Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow* and *Head o' W-Hollow* writes his autobiography. As uneven, as vital, as full of sudden beauty as all his work. Good Jesse Stuart. Dutton, $3.50.

Top Ten

The following books have been selected as the top ten of the whole spring crop by the leading publishers of the United States and the editors of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

1. JOSEPH IN EGYPT, by Thomas Mann. Hailed by reviewers as outstanding novel of the year. Knopf, $5.
2. THE CULTURE OF CITIES, by Lewis Mumford. Brilliant analysis of the past, prediction of the future, of the metropolis. Harcourt, $5.
3. THE SUMMING UP, by W. Somerset Maugham. The story of his life and work. Doubleday, $2.50.
4. THE YEARLING, by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. A little boy grows up in Florida backwoods. Scribners, $2.75.
5. RED STAR OVER CHINA, by Edgar Snow. Inside picture of the Red Army and China's United Front against Japan. Random House, $3.
6. EVOLUTION OF PHYSICS, by Albert Einstein and Leopold Infeld. Physical thought since Galileo, in layman's terms. Simon & Schuster, $2.50.
7. THE PUBLIC PAPERS AND ADDRESSES OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT. Just what the title says, 1928–1936. Random House, $15.
8. THE POLITICOS, by Matthew Josephson. Political figures in the post-Civil War era of the "robber barons." Harcourt, $3.75.
9. WHAT PEOPLE SAID, by W. L. White. See John Chamberlain's review in this issue. Viking, $3.
10. R.F.D., by Charles Allen Smart. Writer returns to land and tells exciting story of what he thinks of it. Norton, $2.50.

Mysteries

*The hard-boiled school of detective stories is ornamented this month by *Grasp at Straws* (Crime Club, $2), Joel Y. Dane's tale of about as comprehensively nasty a lot of sophisticated New Yorkers as you'd snub in the Black Maria. You get your money's worth of killings; the atmosphere is all chromium plate and champagne highballs; and for good measure there's the superb full-length portrait of Hector Barbette, the radio lecturer and author of *Success Through Perseverance*. Yes, the murderer gets him, too. You're welcome.

Van Wyck Mason's several stories of Captain Hugh North, 9–2, U. S. A., have always been long on adventure and thrills, and *The Cairo Garter Murders* (Crime Club, $2) in an exotic Egyptian background is no exception. Captain North and his British comrade in arms, Major Bruce Kilgouer, are, as usual, just too tarnation handsome to be real, but they both get pretty well mussed up before the person who decorated the corpses with red silk garters meets a deserved end.

The suicide note beside the corpse of Gavin Dordress, successful and envied playwright, was convincing to almost everyone except his friend, Lee Mappin, to whom it seemed a bit too much "in character." So he proceeds to solve *The Death of a Celebrity*, by Hulbert Footner (Harper, $2), in his own fashion and finally corners a desperate killer. The background of theatrical circles in Manhattan is interesting.

Arthur Halstead, lugubrious private detective, and his chipper secretary, Marie Burton, rattle any number of cupboarded skeletons in *Black Chronicle* (Crime Club, $2), in which William Edward Hayes tells of the murders of a minister whose God was power and of his illicit sweetie —the dominie being a benedict. A rather unsavory yarn, but exciting.

*NOTE:—The more cops, the better the mystery.

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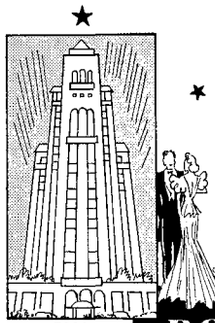
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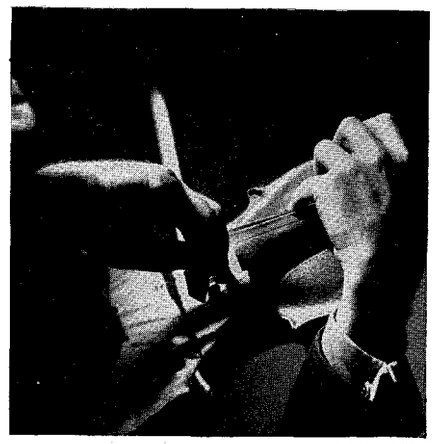
Music and Records

RICHARD GILBERT



COURTNEY OWEN

SAM FRANKO, a grand figure in the life of musical America for nearly three-quarters of a century, died a year ago. But before he stumbled and fractured his skull on the steps of the Hotel des Artistes, he had completed a sheaf of memoirs and musings which now appears in print under the title *Chords and Discords* (Viking, $2.75). Like H. Howard Taubman's *Opera—Front and Back* (Scribners, $3.75), Mr. Franko's book is brimful of entertaining stories, and relates with engaging discoursiveness the temperament and gossip of artistic lives, both private and professional. Mr. Taubman's book may be more glamorous and Winchellesque (in content, not in style), but Mr. Franko's ranges a wider field and touches a phase of music-making somewhat less rompish in character.

There is something quaintly humorous about the "flesh and blood" aspects of a medium of expression as egregiously artificial in the majority of its departments as the opera, and Mr. Taubman plugs these for all they are worth. As a member of the music staff of the New York *Times* he is well-equipped to describe the famous plant at Thirty-ninth Street and Broadway, its legendary names, fabulous salaries, and the working of its complex machinery. I enjoyed *Opera—Front and Back* tremendously in spite of the fact that I am generally more interested in operas than in "the opera."

The reminiscences of Sam Franko are recommended to listeners of today whether or not his name is as significant to them as those of Mmes. Flagstad, Lawrence, Rethberg, Pons, and Swarthout, or Messrs. Melchior, Martinelli, Tibbett, Crooks, and Pinza. Mr. Franko was as much a fixture of the epoch that extended from Theodore Thomas and Leopold Damrosch to Leopold Stokowski and Arturo Toscanini as the historic Academy of Music on Fourteenth Street (now devoted to double-features and screeno), Castle Garden (now the Aquarium), Lüchow's (still one of the gastrological adornments of Manhattan), James Huneker, Oscar Hammerstein, and Anton Seidl. His pages are more conspicuous for their wealth of anecdote and personal experience than for any lengthy consideration of the development of musical taste in this country, or philosophical reflections on the "good old days."

A host of great musicians—Dvořák, Tschaikowsky, Rubinstein, Vieuxtemps, and dozens of others—crossed Franko's path during his long and varied career. Himself a violinist and conductor, Franko knew every famous fiddler from Camillo Sivori to Yehudi Menuhin. His preferences were Wieniawski and Joachim; the former as virtuoso, the latter as musician and ensemble player. Of the stories revolving around Joachim, one of the best concerns the great violinist's feeling that America was not sufficiently mature for his art, and his consistent refusal to come here. "So long as the banjo is the favorite instrument in America," he said to Carl Fischer, "I do not belong there."

*

What Joachim would have thought a half-century later about the saxophone is problematical; his successors, however, were not deterred by the saxophone craze that had developed in this country between 1919 and 1925, reaching a peak in 1923 and 1924. I was surprised to learn while reading H. W. Schwartz's absorbing *The Story of Musical Instruments* (Doubleday, Doran, $3.50) that "in these two years it is estimated there were one hundred thousand saxophones made and sold in America annually, besides those imported."

Mr. Schwartz's book doesn't mention such instruments as the electric organ or the accordion, and has very little to say about the piano—all favorite home instruments. But he has written a thorough and consistently entertaining story about the instruments of the orchestra, tracing their evolution through sixty centuries.

Musicologists, no doubt, will prefer Canon Francis W. Galpin's *Textbook of European Musical Instruments* (Dutton, $2.50) which divides instruments into classifications like "Aerophonic," "Membranophonic," "Electrophonic," etc., and covers practically everything from musical glasses, the Jew's harp, and bagpipes to the Hammond organ—with twenty-five million varieties of tone-color at the player's disposal!—and the electrical phonograph. But the average reader will relish Mr. Schwartz's dramatization—"From Shepherd's Pipe to Symphony"—and find such chapters as those on the saxophone and trombone enlivened by the inclusion of considerable modern jazz history.

Scribner's Recommends:

The following records are outstanding among recent and current publications:

Vocal

BEETHOVEN: *Ah, Perfido! op. 65.* Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Victor set No. M439.

Orchestra

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *Symphony in F minor.* B. B. C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Ralph Vaughan Williams. Victor set No. M440.

Concerto

TSCHAIKOWSKY: *Concerto No. 1 in B-flat, op. 23.* Egon Petri, piano; London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Walter Goehr. Columbia set No. 318.

Harp

SALZEDO: *Short Stories—Memories of a Clock; Pirouetting Music Box; Behind the Barracks; Rocking Horse; On Donkey Back; Rain Drops.* Carlos Salzedo. Victor No. 14871.

Saxophone

CRESTON: *Suite for Saxophone & Piano.* Cecil Leeson, saxophone; Paul Creston, piano. New Music Quarterly Recording No. 1313. Distributed by Bennington College Co-operative Store, Bennington, Vermont.

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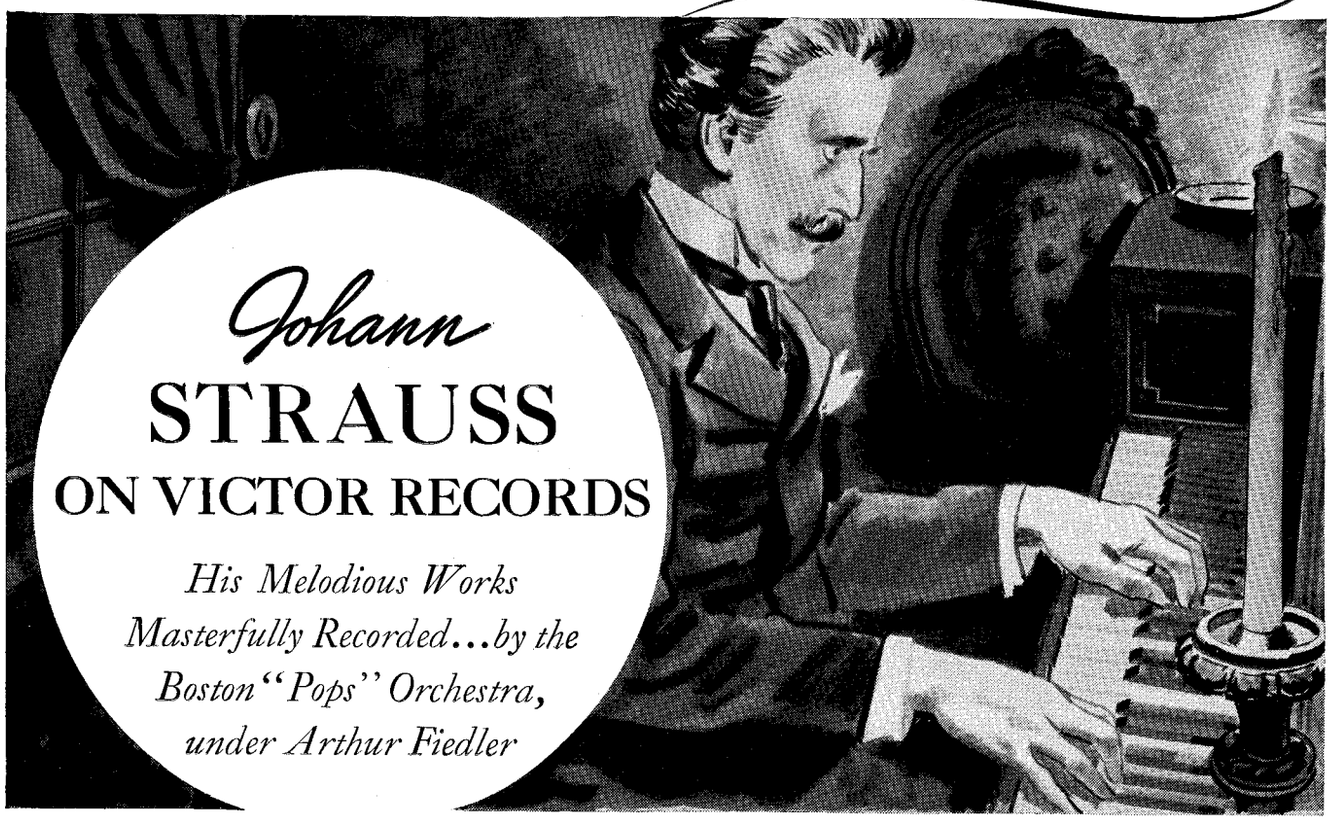

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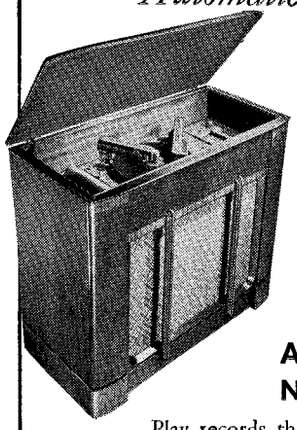

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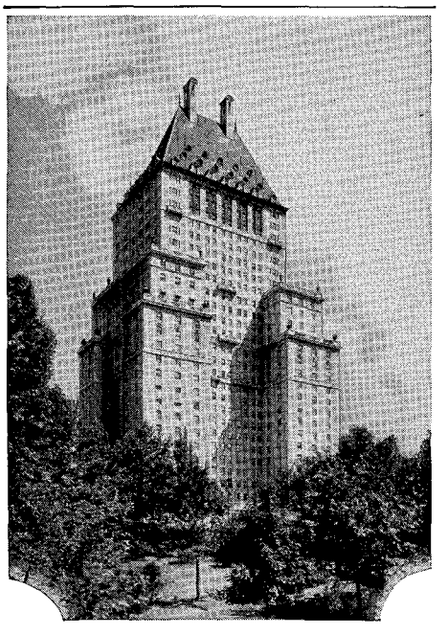

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HARRISON KERR: *Study for Violoncello Unaccompanied.* Margaret Auë. New Music Quarterly Recording No. 1314.

Hot Jazz

HANDY: *Loveless Love* (Masters 1 & 2). Jack Teagarden's Orchestra. Recorded about 1929. Hot Record Society, 303 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SCHOEBEL: *I Never Knew What a Gal Could Do.* Original New Orleans Rhythm Kings. Recorded in 1925. One side and

ARMSTRONG-HARDIN: *Coal Cart Blues.* Clarence Williams Blue Five. Recorded in 1925. Hot Record Society.

Life in the U. S. . . Photographic

(*see page 31*)

1. MINGO by Thurman Rotan, 511 West 235th Street, New York. Three photofloods were used here and a Super Ikonta B camera with Tessar f2.8 lens. Aperture f4.5; exposure 1/100 sec.; Eastman Super-pan film.

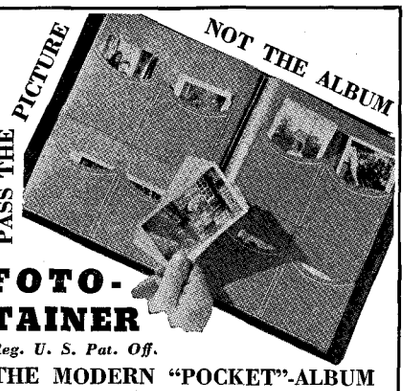
2. VERMONT by Arthur Rothstein, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Mr. Rothstein got this with a Speed Graphic. Zeiss Tessar lens; exposure 1/200 sec. at f8; Eastman Panchro-press film.

3. VIVIAN by Phil Gottheil, 37 West 47th Street, New York. Another Speed Graphic picture, with synchronized photo flash. Zeiss Tessar 4.5 lens; 1/100 sec. exposure at f22; Agfa Super-pan Press film.

4. & 5. ON THE TOMOKA and SPONGE FLEET by John Kabel, 271 McClure Street, Dayton, Ohio. Both of these were taken with a Cycle Graphic 5 x 7 using Goerz Dagor lens, f16 aperture and Portrait Panatomic film. Exposure for the first picture, 1/50 sec.; for the second, 1/25 sec.

6. NEW YORKERS by Bob Leavitt, 921 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Ordinary sunlight. Rolleiflex camera, with exposure 1/300 sec., aperture f4, on Agfa Super-pan film.

7. TAG by William Ward, 1504 Union Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Rolleiflex, with f3.5 lens; 1/300 sec. exposure at f5.6.



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MARCH—*Sex, Esq.*, an analysis of *Esquire* by Henry F. Pringle

APRIL—*The Love Pulps* by Thomas H. Uzzell

MAY—*One Every Minute*, the Picture Magazines examined by Jackson Edwards

JUNE—*Geography, Inc.*, Ishbel Ross' analysis of *National Geographic*

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prints. But that the fund runs into millions is obvious to anyone who knows printing costs in general and the *National Geographic's* advertising revenues in particular. Selling for a quarter, faced with no newsstand returns, enjoying a phenomenal renewal rate, the magazine probably has no difficulty making money on circulation. But if during the past twenty years it has *only* broken even on circulation it has still piled up tremendous reserves. For from January, 1918, through December, 1937, the *National Geographic* carried $24,894,423 worth of advertising. Subtract the 15 per cent that goes to the advertising agencies and charge off $250,000 a year to advertising promotion, and one still has more than $16,000,000.

But why, someone asks, go back twenty years? Why not go back to the first year the *Geographic's* advertising revenues broke a million? That was in 1923, and from that year through 1937 the *Geographic* carried advertising totaling $21,546,584. Subtract the agencies' 15 per cent and charge off $250,000 a year for advertising promotion, and one still has considerably more than $14,000,000. For from 1923 through 1931 the *Geographic* had no year in which its advertising revenues were less than a million and a quarter dollars, had six years in which they exceeded a million and a half, and one (1929) in which they exceeded two millions. The depression brought revenues down, but annual advertising revenues have broken a million in five of the eight depression years. The average since 1929 is more than $1,100,000 a year.

With all these earnings the *Geographic* has never paid a dividend. It cannot. It is a profit-making department in an organization not supposed to have profits. The Society is incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia as a non-profit scientific and educational institution. It cannot issue stocks or bonds, pay dividends, or permit any earnings to go to an individual save as salaries. It is as sweet a proposition as our capitalistic society ever saw, but its earnings must go to gathering and diffusing geographic knowledge.

The *Geographic* makes the claim that its readers number "the first million" of America. They are described in one of its handbooks as "the million or more families whom Good Fortune, Intelligence and Energy have put at the top . . . the Key People of America and the World—prime movers . . . wielders of influence . . . restless, ambitious and growing people. . . . The *Geographic* appeals to the dynamic type. . . ."

Geography, Inc.

(*continued from page* 27)

Geographic readers may be both restless and dynamic, but it is not the result of any occupational factor. They come from all walks of life. An analysis of the 118,182 members initiated in 1936 shows that they fell into 600 occupational groups. Education led the field with 7391 teachers, 735 superintendents and principals, and 6267 students. There were 6640 doctors, 1049 dentists, and 2195 nurses. A lonely poet was a suppliant for membership along with eleven Congressmen and a handful of game wardens. In spite of the world's current scarcity of crowned heads five members of royalty signed up for a monthly lesson in geography.

These "first million" are sold to advertisers at almost precisely the rate the *Saturday Evening Post* gets for its readers. The *Geographic,* with a guaranteed circulation of 1,000,000, gets $3000 a page while the *Post,* guaranteeing 2,700,000, gets $8000 a page. Which means that the advertising dollar buys 333 readers in the *Geographic,* 338 in the *Post.* Thirty-five per cent of the dollars spent for *Geographic* space go to buy travel advertising. The second largest category is automotive, after that life insurance, and then optical goods and cameras. Year in and year out the total is more than $100,000 a month.

This figure would be larger but for the magazine's celebrated taboos. Thirty-five per cent of the advertising used in other magazines of reputable standing is turned down cold by NGM. It will not touch wine or liquor advertising; it spurns cigarette ads, although accepting some smoking tobaccos; it refuses to sell space for proprietary medicines or real estate, and the only financial advertising it accepts are the bonds of the United States Government.

Dr. Grosvenor once said that he would take his readers around the world and that he would take them first class. He has done it and, most remarkable of all, he has done it without letting his fireside travelers have a drink, a smoke, or a bicarbonate of soda.

[This is the fourth article in our series on magazines that sell. The fifth will appear next month.]

Answers to "The Scribner Quiz"

(*see page* 38)

1. Sell his $15,000,000 art collection (2)
2. Montreal [pop. 818,577] (3)
3. They use lipstick (2)
4. "From vines which push their pods under the ground to ripen" (4)
5. 1931 [By Act of Congress] (3)
6. *Anthony Adverse* [Hervey Allen] (5)
7. Honoring the spirit of friendliness (2)
8. The side with the date (3)
9. Portuguese (5)
10. North Pole expedition in 1879 (3)
11. Robert H. Jackson (3)
12. A small, usually dry, stream bed (1)
13. The diameter of the bore of the barrel (2)
14. Paris [pop. 2,850,000] (4)
15. 10th [started March 19, 1928] (3)
16. The mile run [set world's record in March, 1938, of 4:04.4 min.] (4)
17. G. E. Goodrich Co. [B. F. Goodrich Co.] (6)
18. Instructive (4)
19. South America [Peru] (2)
20. The propellers (2)
21. The State you live in (1)
22. Germany (5)
23. You (1)
24. Tea (4)
25. Swallow the water [they have no power of suction] (2)
26. *The Tempest* (3)
27. On women's backs [it's a coat] (3)
28. Harrassing [correct: harassing] (2)
29. "Old Folks At Home" [Stephen Foster] (3)
30. Your susceptibility to diptheria (3)
31. Hitler rode into Vienna (4)
32. Richard Whitney [insolvent ex-president of N. Y. Stock Exchange] (4)
33. Denmark (3)
34. A creel (4)
35. The fear of war in Europe (4)
36. How to keep the masks from deteriorating [especially rubber parts] (3)
37. "The U.S.S.R. tried to proselyte many" (1)
38. 70 (5)
39. "A public office is a public trust" (4)
40. Havana, Cuba (3)
41. Asleep [because he is relaxed] (1)
42. 1912 [April 14–15] (4)
43. *Ken* (7)
44. Herbert Hoover (3)
45. The thistle (6)
46. His eyelids (1)
47. Fire (3)
48. South Pacific (4)
49. Repoussé (2)
50. The fleshy part between ribs and hip (6)

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DRAWING BY ROBERT FAWCETT

Coconut Grove Bar, Royal Hawaiian Hotel, Honolulu

Wines Spirits and Good Living

BY G. SELMER FOUGNER

Just a few weeks ago the American brewers celebrated the return of beer as a legal beverage in the United States. And well they might, for today the United States is the world's greatest producer and consumer of beer.

How has this country managed to displace other countries where malt beverages have been considered for many years the principal drink? The real reason is to be found in the profound change which American beer-drinking habits have undergone since the repeal of prohibition.

Today, beer is consumed in the majority of homes throughout the country. This was not so before prohibition. In those days about seventy-five per cent of all beer sold was draught beer, consumed in saloons and taverns. The rest was bottle beer and, for the most part, was served in restaurants—rarely in private homes.

In pre-prohibition days beer played an important part in the expenditure of the so-called diversion dollar, for it was an integral feature of middle-class amusement. The average citizen often took his wife and children to a beer garden, where they would have a few drinks, listen to some music, and go home early and sober.

Then prohibition came in, and beer went out. For, during the dry years, the chief requisite of an alcoholic beverage was that it be easily concealed—and beer was much too bulky. Few people cared to risk arrest by toting a barrel of beer, when a much smaller quantity of gin, rye, or Scotch would fetch a higher price.

Between 1919 and 1933 about 36,000,000 young men and women came of age. Formerly, they would have been the mainstay of the brewers' trade, but the beer they knew was an unpalatable potion made by the bootlegger's cold-water process. To them, beer was at best a dubious drink.

It seemed as though beer was emerging from the dry era with two strikes against it. Not only was the beer garden a thing of the past, but competition for the diversion dollar was far keener than before.

Then, in 1935, a new factor entered into the situation. The American Can Company announced that beer could be sold in cans.

The brewers were skeptical, but the canners argued that the housewife was accustomed to keeping perishable foods in cans and might welcome beer in similar containers. This would tend to bring beer into the home and would, consequently, restore its respectability. The argument won the brewers over.

There remained the mechanical difficulties, but these were overcome at a reported cost of three million dollars, and at last the brewers were ready to put beer in cans.

A brewery in Newark, New Jersey, was selected for the tryout, and one of the most difficult markets—Richmond, Virginia—was picked for the retail side of the experiment. In the spring of 1935 the first can of beer was sold. (It is significant that in this same year the United States overtook Germany as the greatest brewing country in the world.)

Within twelve months thirty-five per cent of all beer sold was sold in containers. And eleven per cent of these containers were cans. Canned beer continues to grow in popularity, but it still has a long way to go before it exceeds bottled-beer sales. After all, the bottle had a head start of about seventy years in this race for supremacy.

Ask Mr. Fougner

Mr. Fougner will answer all inquiries from readers. The following, taken from his mail, indicate the wide field he covers. Address him at SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

QUESTION: What purpose does the traditional ice bucket serve in chilling champagne, now that modern refrigerators do the job so well?

ANSWER: Although refrigerators will chill the wine to the desired degree, the contents of the bottle will not remain chilled after being brought to the table. The purpose of the bucket is to keep the wine at a cool temperature throughout the meal. The bucket should contain both water and ice to assure uniform cooling.

QUESTION: Is it possible to leave liquors—such as Scotch, bourbon, or rye—for long periods of time in glass decanters?

ANSWER: It is possible, but not advisable. These liquors will lose by evaporation, as well as by contact with the air which a glass stopper cannot keep entirely out of the container. The loss will be slight for two or three weeks, but beyond that time the liquor should be poured back into its original container for safe keeping.

QUESTION: Blackberry brandy was an old family favorite in our Midwestern home and it was generally homemade. Can you give me a good recipe?

ANSWER: Here is an infallible way to make good blackberry brandy: Dissolve one pound of sugar in one quart of well-strained blackberry juice. Add a few cloves and let the mixture stand a few hours. Then add to it one pint of good brandy.

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1 jigger of Three-Star Hennessy
Ice cubes
Plain soda water

84 PROOF

★ quality
★ bouquet
★ clean taste

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the Commissioner's warning, and urged the crowd to parade. Hundreds moved toward Broadway and the police resisted. Now, highly trained military and police organizations the world over have a recognized technique for handling angry crowds. It involves close formation, inch-by-inch resistance, and above all, restraint. The British police, armed with nothing more deadly than their heavy raincoats, excel in this work, and United States Marines, particularly in China duty, have given magnificent demonstrations of the technique.

But when the Union Square crowd began to cross the Broadway deadline, Whalen's police cut loose. Swinging nightsticks, blackjacks and fists, they rushed into the crowd, hitting whatever heads presented themselves. They pursued fleeing men, and knocked people down and beat them with nightsticks after they had fallen. The melee lasted not more than fifteen minutes, but after the crowd had been dispersed, police were seen pummeling several fallen men whose positions in various parts of the square seemed unrelated to the attempted parade. The whole police performance suggested not preservation of order so much as retribution.

Whalen himself boasted of the activities of his *agents provocateurs*. The *Times* quoted him as saying: "I thought I would crack my sides laughing at some of the undercover men. . . . They were there as Reds, singing the *Internationale*. . . . They carried placards and banners demanding the overthrow of the government. . . . But the fun started when one of the undercover men started to razz a cop. He got a terrific punch in the eye and was knocked down before the cop was pulled off." The use of *agents provocateurs* as a stimulant to law-breaking is an ancient device, but few employers have been so frank.

There seemed to be no way of showing Whalen where the Police Commissioner's business left off and individual rights began. He followed up his Union Square victory by reporting to their employers the names of three hundred persons who, his undercover men said, were Communists. He had tried to use the city's license power as a weapon to force New York's 70,000 taxicab drivers to wear a standard uniform. A man of bustling activity, he has always loathed idleness, and he questioned the right of poolrooms, which are licensed by the city, to provide amusement for "young men who ought to be working or looking for jobs." Later, as local NRA administrator, he became concerned about workers whose hours were reduced, and

Grover Whalen

(*continued from page* 11)

appointed a Committee on the Use of Leisure Time. Raymond Fosdick, chairman, pondered and concluded that "our function might actually be termed impertinent."

Although Whalen had frequently been mentioned as Mayor Walker's successor, he had been Police Commissioner for less than a year when the effervescent Jimmy began to look around for someone to cut in. Two months after the Union Square fracas, Whalen resigned. Packing his landscapes, his draperies, his parchment-shaded lamps, his Corinthian columns, his mahogany desk, and his bronze Napoleon, he returned to Wanamaker's, where he was received with fanfares and floral pieces.

V

THE archeologist is sometimes surprised, after clearing away thick layers of publicity releases, ticker tape and wilted gardenias, to find a stratum of solid accomplishment in the Whalen record. He turned the old police academy, which was little more than a gymnasium, into an up-to-date school in which all phases of modern police work were taught. He established classes for automobile drivers, and founded a crime-prevention bureau in which civic leaders and scientific specialists cooperated. He set up completely equipped homicide squads in the five boroughs, thus speeding the investigation of killings. The Board of Regents wouldn't let him use the word "college" for his school, and there was a laugh when his cadets paraded in sweaters and berets singing the Maine Stein Song, but the venture became permanent.

When Whalen left Police Headquarters for Wanamaker's, the boys and girls gaped as he went by, and an admiring cynic called him "a Greek god in the Irish manner." There were more greeting jobs and luncheon speeches. Then came the New Deal and the Blue Eagle. Whalen became New York's NRA administrator, and headlines told daily of his activities in enrolling industrial leaders beneath codes of employment.

When 100,000 dressmakers went on strike in August, 1933, it was Julius Hochman, union leader, who persuaded Whalen to call a conference of the industry and the union. As final arbiter of disputed points, Whalen was frequently able to bridge the gap, and the strike was settled with union recognition and improved conditions. This was the first of a hundred and thirty labor disputes which he helped to settle. Labor leaders say he did a good job, and Whalen himself says that of all his undertakings, he looks back upon this one with the greatest satisfaction. The dramatic climax came when he marched up Fifth Avenue bearing a Blue Eagle banner, leading a parade of 250,000 people—in Whalen language "The greatest mass demonstration of industry and commerce ever held in the world."

When the government took over the local NRA, the Schenley Affiliated Corporations made Grover Whalen chairman of their board of directors. He was not expected to understand the liquor business, any more than he was expected to understand merchandising when he went to Wanamaker's at a fancy salary with no previous experience. But crises often arrive in big businesses when it's handy to have someone around who can call all the political and business potentates by their first names. Repeal was young, and Schenley's needed a front man. This service commanded $75,000 a year, and did not interfere with the new chairman's civic and political activities.

Ever since the days of Hylan, budding "Whalen for Mayor" movements have been frostbitten for this reason or that. Last year, when a confused and divided Tammany sought a man to defeat LaGuardia, he came closer to

Tribute

Listen, while I caress your polished side:
There was a sculptor once whose measured glance
Was swift as light, keen as a whistling lance,
And, chalk in hand, he hurried to divide
The dazzling marble by such faint blue lines
As underlie the whiteness of your breast;
Then flake by flake, with never a pause for rest,
He broke and shaped the block to his designs.

Pygmalion saw his work, his veins ran fire,
His heart beat loud against its cage of bone;
The statue breathed, warm color mounted higher . . .
O Galatea, let me now atone
For voiceless adoration, chained desire,
When I at sight of you was turned to stone.

—KIMBALL FLACCUS

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nomination than ever before. The Whalen boom, months in the making, took definite shape in July, when he resigned from various business directorates and announced his political availability. Though he had a substantial backing of Tammany leaders, little popular enthusiasm developed, and the hard-hitting LaGuardia looked at Grover and licked his chops. After a few weeks, Whalen withdrew in favor of Mahoney. For all the applause and bouquets showered upon him, he is still untested as a vote-getter. "Grover Whalen couldn't be elected," said one of his early friends, "and I'll tell you why. It's all right to wear spats, but you've got to wink at the boys as you walk by. Grover keeps a straight face."

VI

In his big office in the World's Fair administration building, Whalen isn't worrying about votes. He sits at the controls of a huge, intricate, fascinating machine, which he drives with meticulous efficiency. His salary is $100,000 a year, according to printed reports which have not been denied. A few feet from his door is the long copper-paneled directors' room, where noted people gather to lunch and to hear reports of the World of Tomorrow. Foreign dignitaries come to see him about their concessions. There are frequent dedication ceremonies. There are big models of the grounds where carefully carved and colored miniatures of the fair buildings appear as fast as they are erected. There are huge picture calendars whose torn-off days gradually reveal next year's triumphant completion, and an alert publicity staff turning out statistical superlatives by the bale.

Of course, Whalen has had his troubles. His art committee had made no plans for a show of contemporary American painting and sculpture, and artists' groups protested. Whalen poohpoohed "static displays," and said there would be art everywhere, "to the right, to the left, and even underfoot." Now plans have been changed, and a building has been earmarked.

When modern architects heard of the "World of Tomorrow" motif, and of the model village to be called the "Town of Tomorrow," they expected that Frank Lloyd Wright would be asked to design a building, but it appears that the Whalen interpretation of "tomorrow" is quite literal, that while slogans and architectural trimmings suggest popular notions of a brave new world, the housing exhibits themselves will not depart from conventional current patterns.

At fifty-two, Grover Whalen has developed a comfortable thickness of the midriff, although Trainer Artie McGovern calls each morning at his town hangout on Washington Mews. When he has time, he rides, and is seen frequently at the smart Meadowbrook Club. Week ends he spends at Dobbs Ferry with his family, composed of Mrs. Whalen, Mary, a senior at Bryn Mawr, Grover, Jr., and Esther Ann.

When the writer talked with him, he wore the rosette of the Legion of Honor in place of his usual boutonniere. Casual and urbane in manner, he reached for a pad to illustrate the thematic origin of the exposition. He drew a small circle, and labeled it "man." This was the hub of the wheel, he explained. From it he drew spokes, and labeled them "food," "shelter," "clothing," "communication," "distribution," "science," "art," and so on. The diagram represented a preliminary examination into the present state of man, he explained. The research was financed by a $1,000,000 loan from the banks.

He closed the wheel with a sweeping circle. "All that we have today," he said, "is symbolized by that wheel. Now that we have all this, what's in the future? We have been spinning that wheel with relation to all industries, arts and sciences to interpret its influence on man's future development."

Whalen professes an idealistic hope that the Flushing exposition may contribute to international harmony. "Perhaps," he has said, "we will all be actors in a drama which will help to bring peace to this troubled world." He associates this aspiration with his plan for a military parade on opening day, with a composite force of 50,000 crack troops from various nations, who will thus display the "tools of peace which are so essential to a happy world."

The passion for neat pattern and the yen for unbuttoned hyperbole, both evident in the Whalen make-up, reveal themselves daily as buildings rise and plans unfold. Structures in the center of the prim geometrical arrangement of streets will be dead white, while the radial sectors bloom gradually into vivid colors, culminating in a "Rainbow Drive."

Other prospects paralyze the mind and blind the vision. Typical is Mr. Whalen's "so-called impossible" spectacle, "a Niagara plus a Vesuvius" in which towers of water and flame, wedded to fireworks and music, will regale the multitudes with "the nearest approach to chaos that man can contrive for purposes of sheer entertainment."

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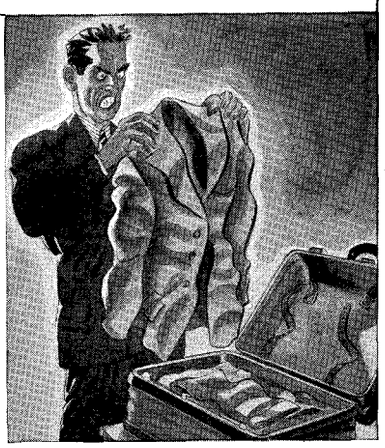

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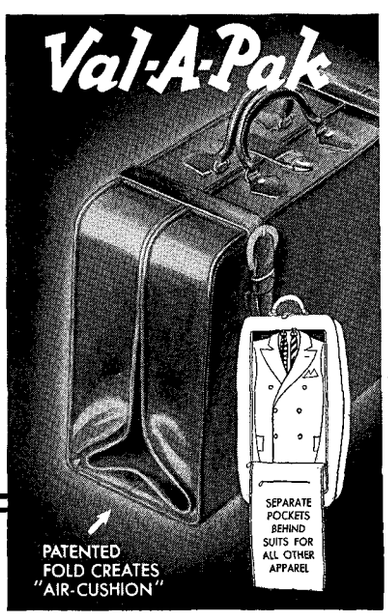

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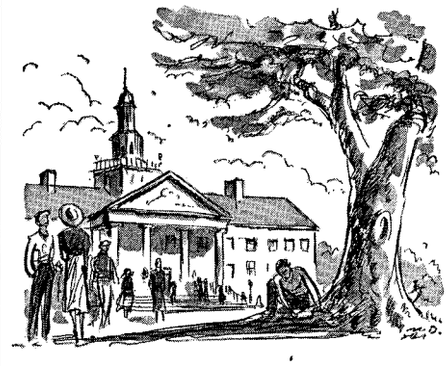

Specialization

Professor Walter B. Pitkin, writing in the *Columbia Alumni News,* suggests that the 450 small arts colleges in America might stave off bankruptcy by becoming business colleges.

"The large business schools," writes Professor Pitkin, "prepare men for high executive positions. . . . Liberal arts colleges which are . . . now attempting to pay the mortgage on their stadia, would do well to inquire into the feasibility of a new type of business school, specialized to the extent that it teaches mainly practical phases of the type of work which a junior executive will do."

In short, one type of college for major executives, another for junior executives. Perhaps Professor Pitkin also would have creative-writing courses specialized: one course of study for youngsters who want to be major poets, another course for students who will be content to be minor poets.

Ex-Heresy

At Yale today, five hundred students are working their way through school without washing dishes, selling books, or waiting on tables. Instead, these boys are working in fields which are related to their academic studies. They are assisting in libraries, museums, laboratories.

"The chief value of these jobs," said one Yale student, "is that they put the self-supporting students in the same environment as their fellows. None of them waits on fellow students at the table in the colleges."

There was a time when this statement would have been labeled as heresy. In the Babbitt period it was considered a good thing for a boy to have to scrub dishes to pay for his education. But today few people subscribe to this go-getter philosophy.

That a boy should be willing to wait on tables to pay for his education is admirable. That he should have to do this is extremely unfortunate.

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Quotation of the Month

"The average voter thinks of the politician as a crafty self-seeker who by some trickery always manages to control the results of the ballot; and as a result of this stigma, self-respecting young men and women avoid all contact with the world of politics. If youth would better understand the real worth and work of the political leader, it would redeem the term from opprobrium. Let ideals and experience unite to prepare the program, and patriotism and energy insure the results, and the American plan of government is secure."—Franklin Spencer Edmonds, LL.D., former member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives.

Time and Tide

Through time and tide to the world's end
The shore of sand and rocky ledges,
And the dark ocean, fit together
Their dovetailed edges.

In storms of angry argument
The crashing waves cry out, commanding
The rocks to fall, and find them ever
Starkly withstanding.

In whispered midnight conversation
Comes the importunate tide, addressing
The yielding sand, its briny fingers
Cool and caressing.

And the shore follows the ebbing sea
To the world's end, untroubled whether
The tide turns late or soon, if they
But lie together.

—MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT

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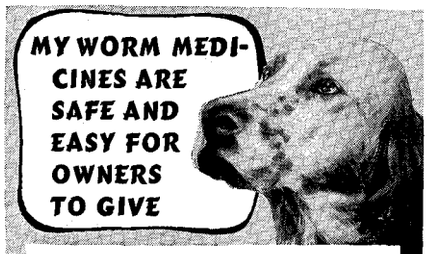

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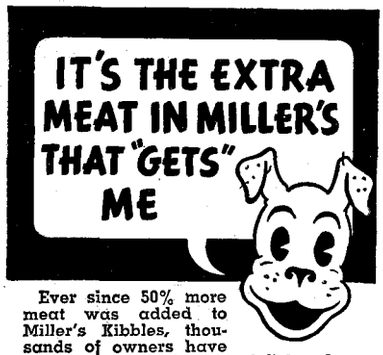

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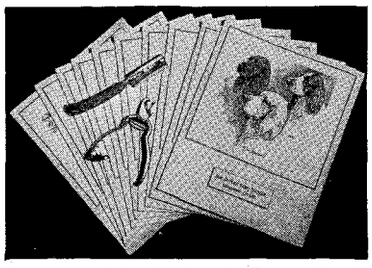

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Dog Judge

ARTHUR E. PATTERSON

Since early childhood Alva Rosenberg has devoted his time to dogs. At the age of seven, when most of his Flatbush cronies were planning to be big-league pitchers, he got his biggest thrill out of going to the 1892 Westminster Show in old Madison Square Garden. Today he ranks as one of the most popular and versatile of dog judges.

Rosenberg showed his first dog when he was twelve. It was a smooth fox terrier, and it took third place. Next he piloted an airedale to a first and two thirds under Theodore Offerman.

Soon he acquired his own dogs—a toy spaniel, a schipperke, a collie, a Boston, and finally a Russian wolfhound presented to him by John E. DeMund of the American Kennel Club. Then there followed that vital stage in any dog judge's career—the ring-steward apprenticeship.

In a few years he had his first opportunity to judge a show. Rather short on his knowledge of Pomeranians, he relied on a "fairly good idea of them." There were no complaints, and he's been judging successfully for twenty-seven years since.

Rosenberg had his initial all-around assignment at an outdoor match in Riverhead when he put up a Dalmatian, Windholne Jumbo, as best in the show. For some time after that he judged only his old favorite, the Boston terrier, but gradually branched out until he was authorized to fault every breed in the A.K.C. stud book. Today he can step into an armory and judge a complete show as speedily and expertly as any man in the country.

His summarized advice to would-be judges is: "They must sincerely desire to make a career of it, and they must love dogs. They must read all available literature, particularly discussions of standards. They should steward whenever possible, to be close to the dogs and to see the judges point out faults between classes. And they should breed dogs—to watch their development as they approach maturity."

Asked what dog he considered the finest show specimen of all time, Rosenberg went back to Warren Remedy, smooth fox terrier judged best of all breeds for three straight years at Westminster. "Today, however," he added, "there are more high-quality dogs, keener competition. Shows, too, have improved mightily, and anyone who talks of the good old days in that respect is barking in the wrong kennel."

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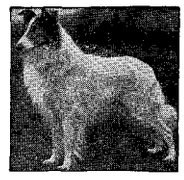

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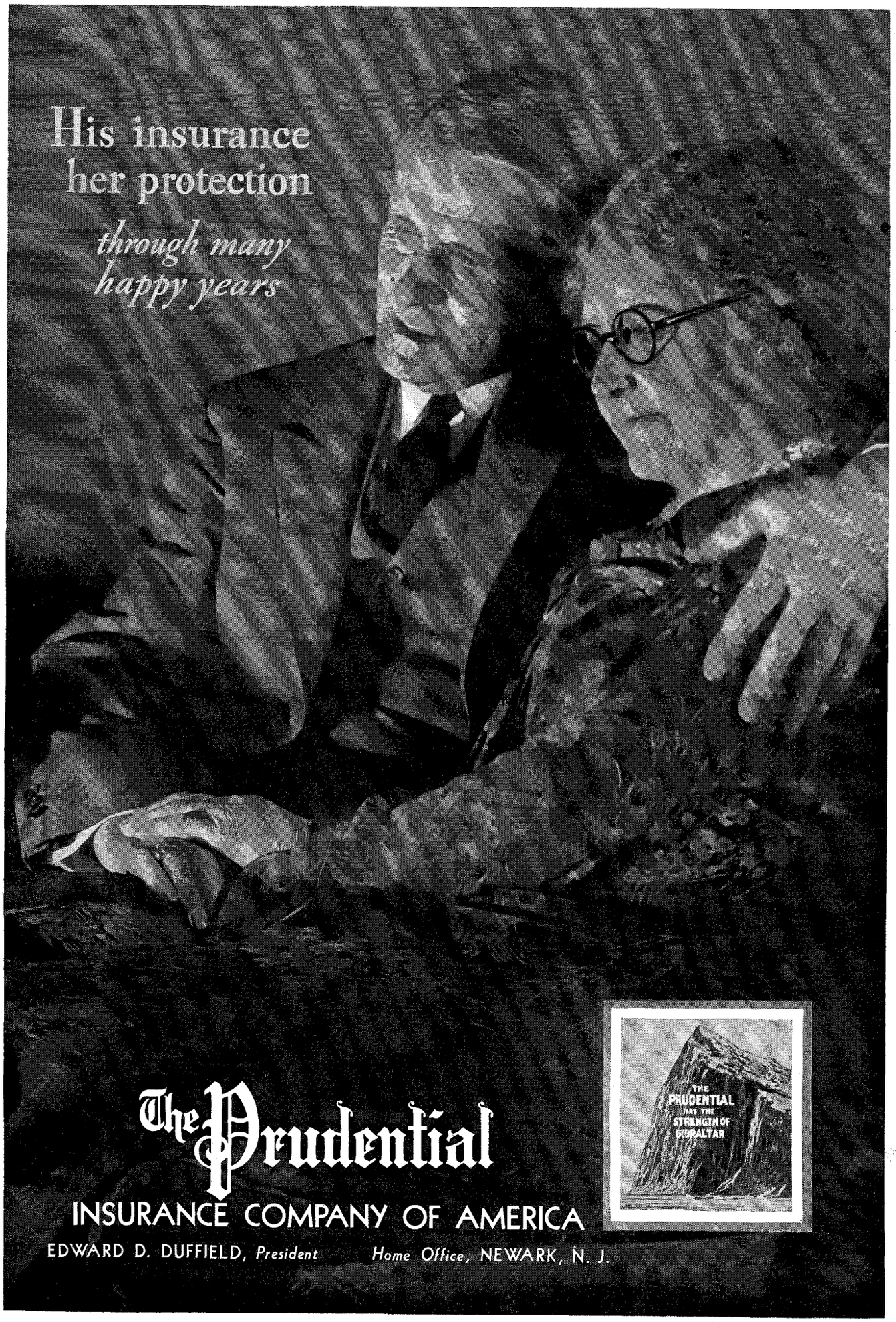

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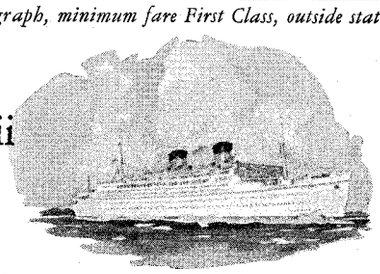

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